TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 38 | The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietor. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. | TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1889. | TERMS: Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. | Whole No. 90

Around Town.

I spent last week on a hurried business trip through the Middle and New England States, and during the many idle hours that one is forced to spend on the trains and steamers, had an excellent opportunity of observing the fellow-beings near me. We often talk about those who observe and those who notice nothing, but really if one desires to study human nature, the pursuit of this knowledge, like that of any other sort, is attended with difficulties and must not be simply a passive, listless cognizance of what is going on about us. Of course, the best place on a train to see novelties is in an emigrant car, but I have got past that stage. I had rather be afflicted by monotony than by insects or bad odors, and they seem as inseparable from an emigrant coach as from Toronto Police Court. The so-called first-class passenger car is the next best place, but one does not care to spend an afternoon or evening fighting for the possession of half a seat, when journeying day after day has made rest of any kind doubly welcome. It has become an expression of reproach used quite frequently against those who take a very cursory view of the country of which they are about to write, that they have traveled through it on a Pullman car. One really sees but little variety, little individuality in a Pullman. People get their seats, and as they travel for long distances become accustomed to them and thus attain a certain amount of self-possession which prevents them making those little exhibitions of themselves which mark the incoming and outgoing of the transient passenger on the way train. Did you ever notice with what fine scorn the through passenger regards the people who get on and off at way stations. How reluctantly he makes room for them. I can remember when I used to get on the train at a country station and enter the coach with a most apologetic air as if I recognized the fact that I had no business to intrude on the ladies and gentlemen who were from some large and indefinite place going to some other center of population far away. All the other passengers had an air of mystery and importance which I found it impossible to assume. Now, I cannot help looking on the wayfarer as a very unimportant person, particularly when he insists on crowding into my seat with an expression of regret that he is causing me so much inconvenience. I see in him the reproduction of the lanky boy who did the same thing a few years ago. As a rule such companions are uninteresting, their embarrassment and constraint making it impossible to judge them further than that they are unaccustomed to be away from home. The man and woman who furnish the best material for the observer are those who feel very sure of their status and become self-assertive and communicative.

***

In the next room to me at the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia, some young gentlemen who were professional baseballists were congregated. Their bell seemed to ring constantly; they wanted more pillows, oceans of ice water, beer, whisky and gin and all the luxuries that the house could afford. They stood at the door and yelled at the chambermaid, and she was evidently so well acquainted with their habits that when she brought them anything she put it down in front of the room and ran before they could get out. I imagine professional baseball players are not popular at hotels. Next morning I had the pleasure of traveling with them on the train. I was devoting my time to observing my fellow passengers, and rode with them in the first class passenger coach. The baseballists planked themselves one in a seat from one end of the car to the other. The coach became crowded. A woman nursing a baby sat down with a gentleman who was apparently the pitcher of the team. The boys began to call his name, and all at once broke out with Rock-a-Bye Baby, much to his discomfiture. Another lady was forced to sit in a seat with one of the players. She turned her back on her companion and gazed out of the opposite window. This is the sort of medley which followed:

"Oh, Bill."
"Say, Bill."
"Are you there, Bill?"

Then some sentimental youngster started up Meet Me Again To-morrow Night, Love, after which all the boys sang She Had a Posy in Her Bonnet, which happened to be the case with the young lady in question. Then the entire crowd began to cry like an infant, and the pitcher who sat next to the baby looked very red in the face but not nearly so red as the mother. A large, stately and self-possessed man came in and took a seat with one of the players. The professional made room very unwillingly for the old gentleman, but he was not to be balked and got his seat. The rest of the crew immediately began to sing Are You There, Moriarity? followed by further references to "the posy in the bonnet" and the baby. The scene impressed me with the idea that baseball players, if the ones in question were samples, are very undesirable traveling companions, though they certainly have fun, such as it is.

***

Next morning in a New York hotel I had a very funny experience. A little hall terminated at the door of a room which was occupied by a lady. At the left hand was another door, and at the right was a door opening into my room. The gentleman across the hall from me had evidently been imbibing considerably, and when the bell-boy rapped at my door he invariably shouted "Come in." When a knock came at the door at the end of the hall the gentleman always cried "Come in," until it was very hard for any of us to tell who the visitor was for. Finally the bell-boy rapped at the lady's door and the gentleman opening his door at the same moment, after having shouted "Come in," discovered his mistake. After the lady's errand had been completed, the gentleman rapped at her door and when she opened it he began, "Madame, I came to apologize for tellin' the boy to come in when he knocked at yo' do'. I was sho' he was knockin' at my do', I have been tellin' him to come in all mo'nin' and I don't wish you to think I am not a gentleman for I can tell yo', madame, that I am a Kaintucky gentleman and I wouldn't do anything that wa'n't right." My door was partly open and I could see the Kentucky gentleman in his shirt sleeves leaning against the side of the door making his explanations with a great many grandiloquent waves of his hands. The lady assured him it was all right; she had taken no offence. "Madame," said he, "I am a Kaintucky gentleman—from Christian county, Kaintucky, and I feel hu't that I have been tellin' that boy to come in when he was knockin' at yo' do'. I thought he was knockin' at my do'." The lady was trying to get her door shut but the Kentuckian's foot prevented it. She rang the bell, unnoticed by her obtrusive guest, and in the middle of his explanations, the bell-boy arrived. "Be kind enough," said she, "to show this gentleman his room; he imagines apparently that he belongs here." The Kentuckian withdrew his foot, the door slammed, and Mr. Man marched into my apartment, apparently with the idea that he belonged there. "Good mo'nin', sah," he said. "Can I do anything fo' yo'?" I told him I was "quite comfortable, thank you," but not realizing his mistake, he made no explanation. "Did yo' call to see me?" he said, for I had my hat on just ready to go out. No, I told him; I hadn't called to see him at all. "Well, really, sah, I would like yo' to explain yo' presence in my room." I told him it didn't need any explanation, but if he felt like explaining why he was in my room, he might proceed. "Excuse me, sah," he replied, "yo' ah in my room, sah." I laughed, and asked him how he came out of his argument with the lady. "She is no lady, sah," said he, angrily. "I was trying to explain why I said 'Come in,' when he knocked at her do', and I thought he knocked at my do'. I am a Kaintucky gentleman, sah; from Christian county, Kaintucky, from Hopkinsville, sah, and the lady rang for the bell-boy to have me put out as if I was a tramp, sah. Will you have a drink, sah. I've a bottle he' in my valise, sah; real old Bourbon, fo'teen yeahs old, sah." I sat there while he hunted around the room till he found my valise and a realizing sense that he must be in the wrong room. "Why, this is not my valise," said he. "No, sir," I answered, "it's mine." "Excuse me, sah," he inquired, "but really I would like you to explain how it comes yo' are in my room." The door was open and I led him across the hall and when he found where he belonged, he was exceedingly profuse in his apologies. "I reckon," said he, looking at me with drunken gravity, "that I must be drunk, sah." I assured him that I thought he was.

THE YOUNG HUNTSMAN.

Down in the cafe of the St. James' Hotel I saw as pretty a little group of homely people as I ever expect to see outside a farm house—an old man and his wife, and a son who was so sun-burned that I imagined he must be a sailor. They were all ill at ease, but apparently determined to sample the best there was in the house, and when breakfast was served they watched the movements of the other guests before they began, and seemed a little bit uncertain as to what they ought to do with a good many of the extra dishes which were scattered about their plates. The mother was an excellent type of the thrifty farm wife. Having a little more to eat than she could dispose of she slapped a part of it on her husband's plate with that sudden and business-like movement so characteristic of a woman who is used to waiting on threshers and forcing pieces of pumpkin pie on the plates of bashful guests. By and by the bill came on, and things of that sort at the St. James' Hotel are not exceeded in magnitude anywhere in New York, except perhaps at Delmonico's. I saw her adjust her glasses and read over the items carefully, each paragraph exciting her scorn and wonder. I knew that freckled old body could not imagine how a beefsteak could be a dollar and a half, when at the farm gate they felt they were paying high prices when they gave ten cents a pound. Her active brain was busy counting how ten cents worth of beefsteak could get to be worth a dollar and a half in the frying, and I could see that she was dissatisfied at having to pay 25 cents for potatoes when she knew that sum ought to purchase a bushel. Tea, too, at 25 cents seemed to strike her as extortion, but the sailor-looking son settled the score with that cosmopolitan disregard of what things cost which is said to be a seaman-like trait. When they got up and left the table the old man pulled up his half-starched collar, the old lady pulled down the sleeve of her dress and brushed the crumbs out of her lap, cast a look of contempt at the man who waited on the table and went out feeling that they had purchased the hotel.

***

On the ferry boat from New York to Weehawken, a black-bearded and brawny Lowland Scotchman—I guess the latter for his accent was but slightly marked—with a cast in his eye and a scowl on his brow which I feel sure belied a very kindly disposition, sat opposite to me with a nervous and nice-looking woman who was evidently his wife. It was also clear to me that she was going away on a visit and I am quite sure that he was a commercial traveler of some sort.

"Have you got your keys?" he demanded, shrilly.

"Yes," said she, "I have my keys."

"Where are they?"

"Here, in my portmonnaie."

"Let me see them," he insisted.

While she was fumbling through the compartments of her purse trying to find them he reached over and snatched it.

"Great Lord," he said, "what a muss you've got yer bills in——"

He took her money out and straightened it on his knee, divided the bills into their various denominations, folded them and put them back again. Then he demanded

"Are you sure this is the key of your trunk?" She said she was sure.

"Just as like as not you would take the key of the door; you always seem to lose your head when you start away anywhere."

She told him he could easily see that it was not the key of the door.

"Are you goin' to call on Anne when you get over there," he demanded, with still more asperity.

She said she didn't think she would. Anne hadn't called on her when she was in New York.

"Well, she's expectin' you anyway," he said. "I want you to go an' see her."

She said if he insisted on her going to see Anne she would.

"I suppose you'll go an' see Lizzie?" he snapped.

Yes, of course, she would go and see Lizzie.

"Huh" he snorted, "she came to see you all right enough; had to chase her away from the house with a club——

—Did yeh tell the milkman not to call?"

No; she admitted that she hadn't thought of it.

"You'll break your neck some day by not thinking of it."

She looked across the ferry at the row of passengers who were listening to the conversation and a queer sort of wintry smile broke over her patient face.

"How many times do you change cars?" he demanded.

"Really, I forget," she answered. "We changed at the Bridge and at Hamilton last time."

"There" he shouted, "that's all you know about it. This is the through car on the West Shore. You don't change cars at all; I've told you three times and still you don't know." It really beat all to hear that man talk. He cautioned her about everything that could be imagined, scolded, gave advice, issued orders, warned her against every imaginary sort of evil, snorted, and finally put her in the sleeping car—and he had taken the pains to get the best berth—and told her to try and have some sense.

***

I was walking down the platform before the train pulled out and saw this cranky old customer starting back towards the train with a big tear in his eye. I warrant you he had recognized the fact that he had been talking like a first-class simpleton and intended to give that patient-faced wife of his one real hearty kiss and "God bless you" before she started. But the train began to move before he could get on board and the quiet little woman was sitting gazing demurely at her hands, too frightened to look out of the window and so didn't see him.

***

I often wonder how it is that so many men will insist on being cranky when their wives are going away or when they themselves are leaving home. The excitement of departure seems to breed within them a contentious and fault-finding spirit which leaves the worst possible impression. Men will fly into a rage over the packing of their valise or because their wives are not ready an hour or two before it is time to start. It is given to few men to know how to leave a good impression. Plenty of the male sex can make a very favorable impression but there are but few who can leave without spoiling it. I imagine there is not one man in a dozen who has the knack of even leaving a room without the appearance of abruptness, indifference or clumsiness. We laugh at women who say good-bye a dozen times over but it is very much pleasanter than to see a man snap out "Good night," and bolt for the door, or hum and haw and try to walk out backwards and stumble over himself. Among the Highland Scotch there is a custom that if you wish to dismiss a guest with cordiality you must walk a little way home with the departing visitor. Call even at the home of a Highland Scotch farmer and he will walk a little piece of the way with you to make you sure of your welcome. But bad as men are at leaving company they are much less fortunate in their manner of saying "Good-bye" to their wives, and much less careful in surrounding the farewell with an atmosphere of gentleness and affection. I often wonder that women are as loyal and loving to men as they are when I see how careless husbands are in giving offence, making criticisms and offering unnecessary and peremptory advice. If I were a woman it seems to me I would rebel, but it is fortunate for us men that women are made of gentler material.

***

If the Anti-Jesuit movement has no other effect than the starting of an agitation for the abolition of the French language and Separate Schools in Manitoba it will have accomplished a good end. If Premier Greenway and his government can withstand the combat with a religious faction who will be joined by office-seekers and unprincipled opponents he will have led the van in a fight for the recognition of the principle that citizenship and not schism should be recognized by the laws of the land. If he is defeated it will be a lasting scandal on the people of the northwest. Conscientious Conservatives, and all those who believe in freeing our system of government from the control of sectarians should rally to his assistance. If he makes a fight on that line in Manitoba, I would be willing to dip into my small means for a contribution. If personally I could be of assistance to him, I would offer that assistance. If anything I could do or say would help him to win, I would do it or say it gladly; and I believe that this is the feeling of the English-speaking and English-feeling people of this province. However, if having put his hand to the plow he should look back, and is lured by the lust of office to retreat from his position, he will receive and merit the hearty contempt of those who will believe in him and support him if he continues in his present course. He has a great

opportunity to make himself remembered and to make his name one of the historical names of Canada if he persists in what I understand to be his intention. When he issues an appeal to the people of other provinces there will be a wave of sympathy which will sweep o'er Manitoba and obliterate the old party lines and make him feel that he has an honorable a mission and as brave and chivalrous a one as had the Crusader of old. He will be surrounded with difficulties, he may meet with temporary defeat, but if he is of the right kind of stuff he will win and he will win in a noble fight.

* * *

The movement on foot to give Mayor Clarke a reception of some kind when he arrives home after his mission to England is a thoroughly proper one. The *Telegram*, which is making a point of laughing at and belittling the popularity of those who do good service to the city without at the same time offering gifts at its shrine, is not a pleasant spectacle. It is one degrading to municipal politics, suggestive of a small mind and envious disposition and cannot to the general public indicate any higher ideal of reward and punishment than that the most brazen shall be the most successful. It has seen fit to laugh at the movement to show Ald. Dodds that his efforts for the city's good were appreciated. As a matter of fact, what Ald. Dodds has done for the city's good is appreciated, highly esteemed, and he deserves much more recognition than he has received. Mayor Clarke has done well for this city. He has been a thoughtful, capable, strong-minded Mayor, and a little mark of public appreciation would encourage him to go on and do the best he can for us. The *Telegram*, however, whenever such a thing is suggested, must needs make fun of the friendship of men who in personal kindness as well as public spirit devote some time and energy to originating a little welcome home and an expenditure of enthusiasm and good-fellowship which cannot but be pleasant to those who have been doing their best. If this mean-spirited and thoroughly contemptible attitude towards public men is to be maintained by the *Telegram* and other newspapers, if personal friendship and public spirit are to be laughed at as but the cheap equipments of a boom for office, how low an opinion we must have of one another. How unworthy must we esteem ourselves when a life-long friendship or years of attachment become insufficient in the eyes of a public journal to excuse such a demonstration as it is proposed to give Mayor Clarke. If we have not become too soured by our experience or too mean from our habit to believe in the propriety of friendship for a man who has done right and enthusiasm on behalf of one who has done public service, it will be timely for the citizens of Toronto to give Mayor Clarke such a welcome back to the city which has honored him and which he has honored as befits the occasion.

* * *

The Citizens' Association is growing in strength and influence daily. Its organization has been completed with an attention to detail and a thoroughness of grasp which promise great good. The next few weeks will develop the plan proposed and I am sure Toronto will have reason to congratulate itself on the result. DON.

Social and Personal.

A Canadian residing at present in London, England, writes to me as follows: There have been several social gatherings in London lately, of interest to Canadians. The first was the annual Conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute, of which the Prince of Wales is president. It was held in the Albert Hall and was a very brilliant affair. Two bands were furnished by regiments of the guards, one playing in the hall and the other in the conservatory. The arrangement of the building, with sloping seats round the arena and the different levels of the galleries and conservatory, lend themselves to give effect to a function of this kind and enable everything and everybody to be seen to advantage. The Marquis of Lorne and Lord Brassey were among the group of members of the Council, who received the guests and the former greeted most warmly his Canadian friends, many of whom, including Sir Donald Smith, Sir Charles and Lady Tupper and the Hon. O. and Mrs. Mowat, were present. A number of ex-colonial governors and people in various ways connected with the colonies and outlying parts of the Empire are among the membership of the Institute, the fellows of which number now about 4,000.

* * *

The dinner of the Imperial Federation League, at which Lord Herschell presided, was also attended by a number of Canadians, the speaking was good, but Sir Charles Tupper's was quite the speech of the evening. I was interested in comparing his manner and delivery with that of such a finished and forcible speaker as Lord Herschell, unquestionably Canada's High Commissioner does her credit in London. A few evenings ago Lord Rosebery, president of the league, invited a number of gentlemen to meet the members of the council and here Canada was well represented, Sir Donald Smith and the Mayor of Toronto being prominent among them. Mayor Clarke is jubilant over his success in placing the civic loan. The high credit of Toronto and of Canada in the money market is only an indication of the estimation in which the colonies are now held in England. Lord Rosebery observed that he knew of nothing more remarkable than the change in public opinion in this respect within a comparatively short time. To be a Canadian now entitles one to respect and consideration. It is within our recollection when the case was exactly opposite. English people are beginning to be alive to the fact that the colonies contain the cream of the Anglo-Saxon stock. By a process of natural selection the hardy and adventurous ones have emigrated and their natural abilities have been sharpened by the exigencies of life in a new country. The position of Canada as the constructor and custodian of the great arterial highway of the empire naturally directs attention to her, and so far from being an element of weakness to the empire she is felt to be a link in the chain of imperial possessions of the greatest possible importance.

Among the many interested spectators at the lacrosse match held in the Rosedale grounds last Saturday afternoon I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. F. Fleming, Dr. and Miss Geikie, the Misses Denison, Miss Gimpson, Mr. H. Boddy, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Leigh, the Misses Meredith, Miss Bethune, the Misses King-Dodds and Mr. Fred S. Jarvis, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Goodwin Gibson, Messrs. Sidney Small, Willie Spratt, the Misses Scott, Dr. and Mrs. Elliott, the Misses Denison, Mr. Harry Schofield, Miss Ince, Miss Sweetie Fisher, Miss Small, the Misses Jarvis, Mr. Grant Stewart, the Misses Macdonnell, Messrs. W. R. Moffatt, M. Boyd, Ed. Sandys, Dr. Ferguson, Mr. Harold Muntz, Miss Frances, Miss McDonald, Miss Bain, Messrs. C. Hirschfelder, R. McLean.

A party of Toronto ladies and gentlemen spent the civic holiday on board the steam yacht Viola, a few miles below Alexandria Bay. Mrs. Fred. G. Cox proved herself to be the best fisherman of the party, having caught a pike about a yard long and several rock bass.

Miss Louson, who has recently returned to her home at Montreal, writes to a friend here that she is charmed with Toronto.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Fred J. Stewart and Miss Bethell, who have been spending a few days at Alexandria Bay, have returned to Center Island.

A correspondent has favored me with a letter from the city of Melbourne, Australia, containing an account of an event which should be of interest to all patriotic Canadians. The city of Melbourne has 450,000 inhabitants and among these are about 500 Canadians. About two years ago a Canadian club was formed under the title of the Canadian Club of Victoria, having for its secretary Mr. Charles W. Webb, B. A., formerly of Colborne, Ont. Through the medium of this club and their periodical gatherings a strong bond of union has been created and in that far away city the members do everything in their power to keep alive the patriotic flame and show their allegiance to the land of their birth.

* * *

The event referred to above was the second annual ball of the society, which was held on the evening of July 4. The choice of this evening instead of the evening of Dominion Day arose out of deference to some Americans who have joined the club. My correspondent informs me that many more Americans are anxious to be annexed, and that consequently it has been suggested that it be made a Canadian and American club. This amalgamation is closer even than commercial union. The ball was under the patronage of His Excellency Sir W. C. F. Robinson, the acting Governor of Victoria, Lady Robinson and suite. About two hundred and fifty Canadians and their friends were present, and the anniversary being unanimously voted a great success will now become an annually looked-for event. The floor of the Masonic hall was perfection, and the walls were decorated with flags and mottoes in relief of the principal cities in Canada, also Boston and New York, while the emblematical maple leaf was everywhere present—suspended from the walls in verdure green, embellishing the programmes in all its variety of tint, and worn by the members in silver as the society's badge. The stage represented a winter bush-scene with a wigwam, a real live Canadian Indian moving about—headgear, war paint and all, and a snow storm. A graceful compliment to His Excellency was that of the company dancing to the orchestral rendition, The Silver Thaw, a waltz composed by himself in commemoration of the time of his governorship of Prince Edward Island in Canada. His Excellency and Miss Elliott, Lady Robinson and Hon. S. Fraser, M.L.C., took part in one of the first sets. The committee were generally congratulated on the success of their second anniversary.

* * *

Lady readers will be interested in reading a brief description of some of the costumes worn. Lady Robinson was attired in a beautiful gown of black silk and lace, with diamonds; Mrs. J. Forest, white and gold brocade, overpetticoat of pale blue, pearl ornaments; Miss Elliott, pale green liberty silk, with loops of ribbon; Miss M. Elliott, black silk and lace, bunches of roses; Mrs. Hoffman, striped silver and white brocade, with a court train of white corded silk, silver ornaments; Mrs. McLeod, black velvet and white silk; Miss McLeod, pale blue satin with white jet front; Miss Stack, pale pink liberty silk; Miss Quiggin, French gray silk with jet drapings.

* * *

The following are the officers of the society and the ball committee: President, Hon. S. Fraser; Vice-Presidents, G. B. B. Elliott, W. B. Hoffman; Secretary, P. G. M'Innis; Committee, Messrs. C. W. Webb, R. Lormer, W. H. Masters, J. H. Blogg, C. McLeod, T. Graham, A. F. Spawn, S McCardell, W. M. White, D. McKenzie, A. H. Somerville, W. Spottiswoode, Dr. Williams, Dr. Campbell, Mr. G. Sharpe.

* * *

The formal opening of Lake Island Park at Wilson, New York, took place on August 9. A large number of Toronto people went over on the Hastings.

* * *

Mr. E. W. Sandys has spent the week visiting his parents in Chatham, Ont., before setting out on a trip to the Pacific coast, where he intends to spend several months shooting big game and collecting experiences for his novel, A Romance of the Rockies.

* * *

The following are some of the guests registered at the Beaumaris hotel during the last week: Mrs. and Miss Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Wright, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Luke, Mrs. Ned Farrar, Miss Nellie Wills, Miss Nannie Hamilton, Messrs. H. Payne, F. Langmuir, F. McCleary, E. Hickson, E. W. Hickson, T. G. Ridout, A. Gowan Strathy, Geo. E. Boulter, S. Weylie McKeown, S. L. Capreol, Thomas G. Bright, H. W. Pringle, A. F. Arnold, J. G. Scott, J. E. Suckling, L. Stewart, T. Morrison, J. Walker, P. C. Bean, W. P. Donaldson, W. H. Holme, R. Morrison, E. C. Rutherford, J. R. Wilkie, Rev. A. and Mrs. Hart and two children of Toronto, Mr. H. M. Patterson, Mr. F. G. Domville, Dr. S. and the Misses Cummings, Mr. J. W. Fraser of Hamilton, Mr. A. Rumsey of Woodstock, Mrs. and the Misses McLeod of Montreal, Mr. Robert C. de Mauritz of Guelph, Mr. J. B. Browning, Judge Lount of Bracebridge, Mr. J. G. Ganders of Port Hope, Miss E. M. Baxter of Burlington, Mr. J. B. Sanson, Mr. J. F. Keene of London, Mr. J. A. Wallace of Brantford, Mr. G. H. White, Mr. H. C. K. Walker of Ingersoll, Mr. D. G. Sinclair, Mr. W. E. Day of Dayton, Ohio, Mr. Jas. L. Foley, Mr. T. R Spencer, Mrs. and the Misses Hubbard, Mr. B. W. Foley of Cincinnati, Ohio, Dr. and Mrs. A. B. Cooke of Syracuse, N. Y., Mr. S. C. and Mrs. Gill, Mr. J. H. Gill, Mr. J. L. and Miss Holten, Miss Eva Curiney of Steubenville, Ohio, Dr. L. H. and Mrs. Willard, the Misses and Master L. Willard, Miss J. Wilson, Miss N. King of Allegheny, Pa., Mrs. H. H. Pike, nurse and two children, Mrs. A., Master B. N. and Miss Annie Sinclair, infant and maid, of New York, Miss S. Douglas Cornell, Mr. E. C. Randall, Mr. C. B. Gibbs, Mr. H. Stafford, Mr. W. M. Citerley of Buffalo, N. Y., Mrs. Bellhouse, Mr. Vance White, Mr. Arthur A. Gibb of Montreal.

* * *

Bang the field piece! Twang the lyre! Tell it not in Gath nor whisper it in the streets of Askalon, but the great race has been rowed and won. Not by Hanlan nor by O'Connor and Searle, or any of the professional lights of this or other ages, but by men well known in commercial and social circles as Messrs. Paul Campbell and Fred Roper of the first part and Messrs. J. W. Stockwell and Jas. Hewlett of the second part. "Lorne Park—five o'clock—double sculls, and a barrel of flour for the Girls' Home" (by the losers) was the word last Saturday afternoon when the four scullers waited for the order "go." When that prince of starters, Mr. Davis, had pronounced the fateful word, eight sculls did not hit the water as one man, for the Roper-Campbell crew with remarkable forethought and energy had settled down to work before the Stockwell-Hewlett men had begun to "feel their oats." It was a stern race for the latter from start to finish. But what they lacked in science they made up for in pluck and energy, and if their boat's nose occasionally showed a desire to make for the Niagara shore the combined energy of the team soon brought it back to Lorne Park and a sense of duty once more. The course was nearly a mile in length, and when the Roper-Campbell boat shot past the winning post Mr. Henderson's chronometer registered four minutes exactly, the Stockwell-Hewlett boat coming in a quarter of a minute later. Although no money has changed hands on the result, beyond the price of the barrel of flour for the home, yet a good many opinions were exchanged as to the relative merits of the two teams. Both had gone in extensively for surreptitious practice in order to get ahead of the others. "Meet me by moonlight alone," was the watchword of both teams every evening last week, and if the Roper-Campbell boat was reported as "out at practice," the news was soon conveyed to Myrtle Cottage and the Stockwell-Hewletts were soon "bending to their oars." Amongst those on the wharf and the terrace who watched the race were: Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gooderham, Miss Gooderham, Miss L. Gooderham, Mr. F. Roper and family, Mr. J. Earls and family, Mr. J. W. Stockwell and family, Mr. J. B. Boustead and family, Mr. Paul Campbell and family, Mr. W. H. Orr and family, Mr. W. R. Henderson and family, Mr. W. J. Davis, Mr. Jas. Hewlett and family, Dr. Briggs and family, Mr. Geo. D. Perry and family, Mr. A. H. Aikes head and family, Mr. Robt. McCausland and family, Mr. Geo. Suckling and family, Mr. Wm. Lailey and family, Mr. J. M. Martin and family, Mr. E. Burke and family, Mr. John Evan, jr., and family, Mr. A. R. Clark and family, Mr. L. Richie and family, Dr. Shaw and family, Rev. Mr. Lewis and family, Elliott Bros., Rice Bros., Morrick Bros., Henin Bros.

* * *

Miss Severs and Mr. Harry Jarvis have been engaged to sing in place of Miss McCallum and Mr. Taylor in the Carlton street Methodist Church during their vacation. Mr. Jarvis will sing to-morrow evening.

* * *

A party consisting of Mrs. Northey, Misses M. and J. Henwood of Toronto, Miss E. Dunstan, Miss Aggie Nimmo, Miss M. McKay of Hamilton, Dr. Henwood, Mr. J. S. Garret and Mr. B. I. Fleming Mason returned from a week's tour of the Mackinac on the Baltic last Monday. They expressed themselves as delighted with all the details of the trip with the one exception, that of its brevity. Some of the party left for a trip down the St. Lawrence, but will return in time for the carnival at Hamilton.

* * *

To say the regatta held last Monday (civic holiday) at Balmy Beach, was a success would convey but poorly an idea of the enjoyment of the occasion. The beach people are noted for their hospitality and the successful way in which they entertained their numerous and fashionable guests reflects credit on their enterprise and energy. Anderson's Band was in attendance and discoursed sweetly through the day. Mrs. John Dick, Mrs. Willie Banks, Mrs. Bingham and Mrs. Lyon had charge of the refreshment table, where lemonade, tea and coffee were served to thirsty crowds. In the evening to add to the natural beauty of the place Chinese lanterns were suspended from the trees. After the distribution of prizes by Sir Adam Wilson, who is a resident of the Beach during the summer months, a camp fire concert under the able management of Mr. John Dick was furnished. Mr. McGlashan sang a Scotch song for which he got a well deserved encore. Mr. Warburton was also well received. Mr. Paul Jarvis was splendid in his comic recitations and was brought back several times.

* * *

Mrs. J. O. Heward was in town again this week.

* * *

I am informed that the Colonel Williams Memorial Association has kindly given permission to have a private view of the bronze statue from the 15th to the 22nd of August in the grounds of "The Palace," Front street west, before it is taken to Port Hope. The ceremony of unveiling will be performed by Sir John A. Macdonald. The statue is the work of Mr. Hamilton McCarthy and its form is familiar to many Torontonians through the small model being exhibited at the Ontario Society of Artists' exhibition.

* * *

Mr. Fred W. Strowger, assistant to Mr. Elgar A. Willis, J.P., secretary Board of Trade, left yesterday for a two weeks' holiday to Mackinac and the Soo.

* * *

Mrs. Dr. Young and Mrs. Jennings left on a trip to Mackinaw last Thursday, where they will spend a few days.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Thompson of Toronto have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Pirie at Slocum Lodge, St. Lamberts, opposite Montreal, one of the prettiest situations on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

* * *

The following list gives the names of some of those who have enjoyed their summer holidays at Cloverport: Mr. and Mrs. Hockin and family, Mr. and Mrs. Neelands and family of Port Hope, Mr. T. Whitehead of Rochester, also His Jolliness Mr. H. V. Sanders of Port Hope, who made the woods echo with his laughter, Mrs. Brown and daughter of Bracebridge. The following are still at Cloverport: Mrs. Patriarch and Miss Patriarch, Miss J. Semple, Miss M. B. Smith, Miss M. Gordon, Miss K. Semple, all of Toronto.

* * *

Miss Katie Lamont of Chatham, who has been visiting Mrs. Nichol of Yorkville avenue, returned home last week.

* * *

The following guests are at Maplehurst hotel, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. James Mason and family, Miss Mary Cooper, Mr. J. G. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. J. and Miss Jermyn of Toronto; Mr. Geo. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. David Kidd and Mrs. L. T. Newcomb of Hamilton, Mrs. Douglas Cornell of Buffalo, Miss E. M. Baxter of Burlington, Mrs. L. T. Hubbard and daughters and Mr. W. B. Foley of Covington, Ky., Mr. Jas. L. Foley of Cincinnati, Mrs. McLeod and the Misses McLeod of Montreal, Mr. W. Gibbs, Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Kirkpatrick and child, Miss Denison, Mrs., Miss and Master Lefroy of Toronto; Mr. and Mrs. Fred S. Wilkes of Brantford, Mr. Geo. W. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. E. Hickson and child of Toronto; Mr. W. S. Jefferson of Memphis, Tenn., Mr. H. C. Weekule and Mr. O. H. Schmuler of Pittsburg, Mr. A. B. Lefroy and Mr. J. J. Barrett of London, Mr. J. B. McKay of Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McCauley and the Misses McCauley of Philadelphia, Col. T. Wright and son of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. S. Frank Wilson of Toronto.

* * *

The following report of the wedding of Mr. S. W. Burns, of the law firm of Taylor, McCullough & Burns, to Miss Adelaide E. Barry, step-daughter of Mr. W. H. Thorne, was unavoidably crowded out of this column last week. The marriage took place at St. Stephen's church, which was decked with a profusion of flowers for the occasion. The ceremony was performed by the rector, Rev. A. J. Broughall, The bride looked charming as she entered the church on the arm of her step-father. She wore a court train and a bodice of cream brocaded satin with an underdress of cream silk faille covered with tulle and crystal jet and vest of crystal jet, elbow sleeves of brocaded satin with high puffs of faille and the usual veil and orange blossoms. Her ornaments were solitaire diamond ear-rings, the gift of the groom. The bridesmaids were prettily attired; Miss Wilmot of Newcastle in pale blue silk, trimmed with ivory merveilleux and a large tulle hat; Miss Weatherstone of Toronto in a dress of white dotted net, a long lace boa and a large white lace hat, and little Miss Eileen Thorne in white embroidered muslin, with China silk sash and a large hat. They carried bouquets of white and pink asters and ferns, and wore as ornaments gold lace-pins set with rubies and diamonds, the gift of the groom. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the residence of the bride's parents, where the wedding dinner was served. The newly wedded pair received many beautiful gifts.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Holmes chaperoned a party of young ladies and gentlemen up the Mackinaw trip on the Baltic last week. The jolly party returned home on Monday morning after one of the most delightful excursions it has ever been their good fortune to take. The weather was everything that could be desired, and the officers of the steamer did all in their power to make the trip enjoyable. Souvenirs from different places were carefully treasured. They returned to Collingwood Saturday night and spent Sunday in that pretty town, visiting the different points of interest. The Georgian Bay Park is a lovely spot and has been brought to its present state of perfection by Mr. Calery, a most genial and enterprising gentleman, who intends building a large summer hotel in the midst of its broad acres and which is sure to be a success. Mrs. Holmes makes a capital chaperon, and amongst those who accompanied them were Mr. and Miss Lilly Grant, the Misses Gillard of Hamilton, Mr. Cameron of Collingwood, Miss Grace Robarts, Miss Marguerite Holmes, and Mr. C. H. Baird of Toronto.

* * *

Mrs. and Miss Blair and Mr. A. Blair of the R. M. C., Sandhurst, Eng., and their cousin, Major Mayne of the Royal Engineers, professor of military engineering, R. M. C., Kingston, arrived from Point Platon, Que., on Tuesday, and are staying with Captain and Mrs. Greville-Haston, at 506 Dovercourt Road.

* * *

Miss Lizzie Northup of Port Huron, Mich., is visiting her cousins, the Misses Quinn of Sussex avenue.

* * *

Hon. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Gibson were guests at the Prospect House, Port Sandfield, Muskoka, on Tuesday last.

* * *

The following guests are at Cleveland's, Muskoka: Mr. O'Hara, Miss O'Hara, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Green and Master R. Green, Miss Gray, Mr. Burt Gray, Miss Ethel Gray, Miss Emily Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lovell and family, Mrs. Lake, Mrs. Shore, the Misses Shore and Messrs. Allen and Wilfred Shore, Mrs. Bridges of Barrie, Mrs. Lea, the Misses Lea and Messrs. Harry and Percy Lea, Mrs. Tox, the Misses Archer, Miss Fanny Leveratt, Dr. and Mrs. Carveth, Miss Grassick, Miss Baker of Barrie, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cook, family and nurse, Miss Cook, Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Miss Crewso of Cobourg and maid, Mr. Alex. Galt, Mr. Gerald Galt, Mrs. McPherson Skae, Miss Mabel Skae, Miss Churchill of England, Mrs. R. A. Mainwaring, Miss Mellish, Miss Mary Mellish of Caledonia, Mr. Carlton Davies, Miss Ettie Minnett, Mr. D. McIntosh, Mrs. McIntosh, Mr. Livingstone, Mr. E. Livingstone of Hamilton. Last Wednesday evening a concert took place which was rendered very enjoyable by the united efforts of the guests and those of the neighboring islands. The proceeds went towards the fund of the church to be erected at Cleveland's.

* * *

Mrs. A. W. Murdoch, sr., Miss Best, Mrs. M. D. Murdoch and Miss Gertie Murdoch are enjoying themselves at Macassa Point, Muskoka.

* * *

Miss Harrison of Fergus is visiting Mrs. Best of Murray street.

* * *

Miss B H. McKechnie of London, Ont., who has been spending a few months with her sister, Mrs. H. M. Kipp of Bathurst street, returned home last week. Miss McKechnie takes with her the best wishes of her many friends, who made her acquaintance during her stay in Toronto, and who regretted her departure, but hope to see her make another visit to the Queen City.

* * *

The following guests are at Millford Bay hotel, Muskoka: Mr. and Mrs. A. Mitchell of Toronto, Mr. W. J. Wright and Mr. W. F. Scott of Brampton, Mr. and Mrs. A. Reid and Mrs. W. Coatsworth of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ney and family and Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Brown and family of Bracebridge, Miss A. L. Armstrong, Miss J. Abbott, Miss G. Abbott, Miss E. Brown, Miss C. Brown, Mr. R. Brown, Mr. A. Brown, Mr. T. Brown, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. J. Abbott, Mr. H. Abbott, Mr. L. Butler, Mrs. McRay, Mr. J. W. McKendry, Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Bryer and daughter, Masters C. V. and C. Hall, Miss I. Lumsden, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Orsar, Miss Keightley, Mr. J. Hancock, Mr. S. Hall of Toronto.

* * *

Another ball at the Beaumaris hotel, and still another during the last week. Last Saturday a large number of guests arrived, including Mr. Alec Turner and Mr. Fred Domville of Hamilton, also Mr. Donald Ridout and Mr. T. G. Wright of Toronto, whose families are still staying at the hotel, and in the evening there was a delightful ball. On Monday afternoon there was a yacht race; at 7 o'clock p.m., a children's bazaar, at which Miss Muriel Ridout, the Misses C. and V. Langmuir, Miss Rosie Boultbee, Miss Bessie Thomson of Toronto, and the Misses N. and L. Turner of Hamilton took an active part, when the sum of $29 was cleared towards the building of the church at Beaumaris. Immediately after the bazaar there was a splendid bonfire in the

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

FOR AN

Engagement or Birthday Present

One of those Ladies' Gold Watches about the size of a half-dollar, with plain polished case and monogram on frosted back, will be sure to please. I have just received some from the factory.

E. BEETON

High Grade Watch Specialist

Opposite Post Office

Sea Side Excursions

Montreal Quebec
Murray Bay Saguenay
White Mountains Portland
Rye Beach Passamaquodd

BARLOW CUMBERLAND

72 Yonge Street - - - Toronto.

MISS M. MORRISON

41 KING STREET WEST

Is now showing a choice and varied assortment o

New Millinery Goods

To which inspection is invited.

The Dressmaking Department is worthy of notice also, being under able management.

COACHMAN'S

Collars and White Washing Ties

JUST RECEIVED

These are made specially. The Collars are round cornered and the Ties are made of Fine White Linen.

WHEATON & CO.

17 King St. West, cor. Jordan

TRADE MARK

W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.

High Grade Nor-Magnetic Swiss&American WATCHES

Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

The French Revolution.

It is natural at this centennial epoch for the mind to revert to the tremendous movement which one hundred years ago was convulsing France; therefore, it may not be amiss to glance back through "the dim chambers of the past" at the terrible French Revolution, with its tears and shoutings, its stamping and applause, its ringing of tocsins and beating of drums. On July 14, 1789, the Bastil'e, that cradle of so many horrors, where for centuries wretched prisoners had wasted away their lives (conspicuous among them being the "Man of the Iron Mask"), was taken. Its gloomy walls forty feet high and thirty feet thick were attacked by a furious populace till the fortress at last surrendered, and the unfortunate De Launay was butchered by the enraged mob. His head was cut off by a man who was a cook from a neighboring restaurant, and who "in that capacity knew how to cut meat," was fixed on a pitchfork and paraded through the streets of Paris—those terrible streets, destined to be the theaters on which dire and bloody tragedies were to be played, and which so often rang with the fierce cry, "*a la lanterne.*" Poor, weak vacillating Louis XVI. and ill-fated Marie Antoinette! No matter what may have been their faults they paid a fearful penalty; and at this distant day we can condone their frailties and pity their misfortunes. The revolution was not caused by them. It was the natural outcome of years of oppression and taxation, of institutions founded on ancient requirements which had not progressed with the times, nor accommodated themselves to present necessities. Nowhere in Europe, not excepting Poland, was taxation so overwhelming as in France. Added to this, the long dearth which lasted for nearly ten years, and the poor crops of 1788 aggravated the passions of the people to a great extent, particularly when they knew that many bishops and abbes had revenues of one hundred thousand livres a year, while the cures, mostly of the bourgeois class, did all the hard work for seven or eight hundred a year. The way had been prepared for the revolution in a great measure also by the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, and lastly Rousseau, whose terrible Social Contract opens with these words: "Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains." Voltaire's writings were principally directed against religion. He writes with his passionate scorn and hatred of Catholicism: "The most absurd of empires, the most humiliating for human nature is that of priests; and of all sacerdotal empires the most criminal is that of priests of the Christian religion." Small wonder that the disciples of such teachings should be Marats and Robespierres, or that the peasant should believe according to Rousseau, that the working classes were the superiors of the philosopher or man of letters. All these agents at work culminated in the overthrow of law, order and religion, and the revolution burst in all its fury over the head of France. But was ever liberty gained before at such a price? Did ever streets run with more blood than that shed during the September massacre, when in the space of six days and five nights, 1,368 victims, many of them women and priests, were butchered in the prisons of Paris, among them being the beautiful Princesse de Lamballe, the Queen's friend, whose heart was torn out and eaten by a wretch of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and of whom the sanguinary revolutionist Collet d'Herbois said "that he regretted he had not been consulted or he would have had the head of Madame de Lamballe served in a covered dish for the Queen's supper? That is only one of the countless revolting crimes committed in the divine name of Liberty.

One would imagine that everything that is possible to say has been said and written of the French Revolution; yet the theme is a fruitful one and in nearly every history of it there is something new; some different aspect is presented to the view, although the very mildest of these is appalling. Who has not read of the confusion of the Assembly, the revilings and hissings of the galleries, and the wild, frantic denunciations of the blood-thirsty Marat! Is not our sympathy and gratitude enlisted by the heroic and reckless conduct of the young and beautiful Charlotte Corday, who so courageously rid the world of that loathesome monster? "I killed one man," she said, when questioned by the revolutionary tribunal, "in order that I might save 100,000 others." In the September massacres we have the volatile French character well portrayed when, some of the prisoners being pardoned were embraced and received with cries of "*vive la nation*" by the red-handed executioners who a moment before would with the same cries have torn their hearts out and hacked them to death, and in one case, three or four of these execrable ruffians actually accompanied a released prisoner to his home and shed tears of joy at seeing the delight of the ladies of the family at beholding the husband and father whom they never more expected to embrace. One must only conclude that in the minds of the lower class assassination is a form of patriotism and we must remember that the will of the peasant is very tenacious; when an idea takes root in his mind no argument, however powerful or reasonable, no judicial appeal will have any effect. The oppressive taxation was the beginning of it, particularly the Gabelle, or salt-tax, for it was binding on any person above seven years of age to purchase seven pounds of salt yearly. The tax on land, industry, houses, etc., prevented any possibility of prosperity, for it was re-assessed every year according to the wealth of the taxpayers, so that on the slightest increase in riches the amount of the tax was raised until farmers were reduced to beggary, and parish after parish impoverished, and as the people had gradually imbibed the teachings of Rousseau and others of his school, they had refused to pay the old taxes long before they were abolished by the Assembly, and it was with great difficulty that some portion of the new were collected. If you once prove to a peasant that he has been paying too much rent or taxes all his life, he will resolve not to pay anything to anybody for the future, and in the case of the French Revolution the farmer refused to part with his corn at the maximum price, and at the risk of being suspected of ill-will towards the Republic, he would conceal it or send it out of the country. The fall of the monarchy occurred on the 10th of August, 1792, that night of bloodshed and anarchy when the ill-fated king and queen with their children and the king's sister, the saintly Madame Elizabeth, were besieged in the Tuileries and forced to take refuge with the Assembly, thence to be conveyed prisoners to the Temple, where they remained until the end. The Queen was intensely unpopular, and Louis, weak and incapable, lent too ready an ear to her ill-advised schemes. The throne was no place for him. He was not the man to grasp the helm of government at a great national crisis. Always irresolute, he could never act without advice, and, unfortunately for himself, he could not discern his ill-advisers from his good counsellors; and in banishing Turgot, one of the greatest statesmen France ever possessed, at the Queen's instigation, Louis left himself without an adviser. After being imprisoned in the Temple for five months, the King was tried and condemned to death, which he met with admirable firmness on January 21, 1793, his last words being those of forgiveness to the people of France. The revolution hurried on apace. The Jacobins, among whom the most zealous were Robespierre, Couthon, St. Just, and other prominent men, rapidly acquired immense power in the convention. Revolutionary tribunals were formed, empowered to imprison nobles or anyone suspected of ill-will to the Republic. Terror spread on every side, and the prisons of Paris were filled to overflowing, and the guillotine was permanently erected on the Place de la Revolution. And now poor Marie Antoinette's turn came. Brought before the court and accused of the most unnatural crimes, this haughty daughter of Austria answered with a dignity and composure that won applause, even from the judges, and on October 16, 1793, ten months after the death of the King, Marie Antoinette took her place in the tumbril which was to convey her to the guillotine. All her beauty was gone. Her hair was quite gray, and her eyelids red with continual weeping. As she went to her death, she was assailed with hootings and cries, one wretch going so far as to spit in her face, to all of which she showed perfect indifference. A slight thrill of emotion shook her as she passed the Tuilleries, that palace where she had once reigned in all her beauty and power. She ascended the scaffold with dignity and met death with resignation. Poor Queen! how she had laughed long before when a fortune-teller had foretold her doom, and when such horrible and gloomy things as axe and scaffold seemed impossible nightmares, too improbable and hideous to be even thought of in connection with her fair young life. By her death she has won the respect of all future ages.

The Reign of Terror went on in its violent career. France reeled like a drunken Bacchante—drunk with the blood of her people. Revolutionary courts were established throughout the country. People were guillotined without any motive being given. At Nantes thousands were placed on rafts and in boats which were sunk in the Loire on the banks of which men were stationed who repulsed with their pikes any unfortunate individual who was trying to land, until the river ran red with blood. At Lyons batches of two and three hundred were shot by cannon placed at either side of them. In Paris by this time Robespierre had attained to the Dictatorship which he so long aimed at. An ardent disciple of Rousseau, he believed in the purity and intelligence of the masses, and the fusion of all classes into one; he believed in equality, but as soon as he found that a system of terror would accomplish his own advancement he ceased to care for individual liberty. So tender-hearted was this human monster that when he was a lawyer at Arras he threw up a lucrative post lest he should be obliged to condemn a fellow-creature to death. From one extreme to the other in revolutionary times is but a short step, and this man during the Reign of Terror turned the rivers of France into blood. From the time of the institution of the revolutionary tribunal in March, 1793, till June, 1794, the court had condemned 1,259 persons; after June, in less than seven weeks, 1,358 were guillotined. At length Robespierre's ambition caused his fall. He aspired too high. Reports began to spread about him. People said that now that he was master he aspired to become king himself. His colleagues denounced him chiefly because they were in continual fear of being denounced by him. When the deputies came to arrest him, they found him sitting at a table in the Hotel de Ville, his jaw broken by a pistol shot inflicted by himself. In that state he was brought to the Committee of Public Safety and left lying there exposed to the taunts of the populace, until he was carried with Couthon and St. Just to the scaffold. There the executioner tore the bandage from his head, thus allowing his broken jaw to hang down, giving his face a distorted appearance, and howling with pain and fury Robespierre was quickly dispatched by the guillotine.

Thus ended the Reign of Terror. Such was the French Revolution. What the constitution now required was a great political chief; instead of it was a great military commander who, by his indomitable ambition, seated himself on the throne of France and created around him a plebeian aristocracy, a new state of society, constituted and preserved by his sword—the sword of Napoleon Bonaparte. KIT.

Equal to the Occasion.

Assistant—Here is the latest thing we have in dress materials—just received from the factory.

Young Lady—It's very pretty, but I'm afraid it will soon fade.

Assistant—On the contrary, madam; it's been lying in our window for nearly three years, and, as, you see, it has not faded in the least!"

Why Did She Ask.

Tubbs (recounting his experience at a musical party a few evenings previous)—They did not even ask me to sing.

Miss Whitelye (placidly)—You've sung there before, haven't you?

"Yes, once. Why?"

"Oh, nothing!"

An Unexpected Toast.

At a wedding the happy pair were about to retire, when the younger brother of the bride struck his glass with a knife, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, as the young couple are about to leave us, I will cut my remarks short. I invite each and all of you to take up your glasses, rise to your feet, and—see if one of you has not been sitting on my new hat."

She Knew the Symptoms.

Mr. Bighead, B.A.—Madge, dear, how my heart swells when I approach you!

Lady Medical Student—No, no, Mr. Bighead, I have diagnosed your case. It's mere expansion of the gall!

Good Out of Evil.

Mr. Popinjay (at the theater)—I declare, if we aren't seated directly behind one of those confounded great opera hats.

Mrs. Popinjay—Yes; how nice! I can study it all the evening.

"There, Go! Darn You?"

Deacon Blank, of the town of Lee, owned a large farm and hired, among other hands, a man by the name of Jacob. The deacon had bargained that Jacob should have bread and milk for supper every night, but took good care that the milk was first skimmed, the cream for the cream pot and the skim milk for Jake. Jacob ate his bread and blue milk three evenings without a murmur. The next morning the deacon was awakened by a great commotion in the barn-yard. Looking out he saw Jacob hanging to his best Jersey's tail with one hand, while with the other he belabored her with a bean-pole as she flew around the inclosure. "There, go! dang you," said Jake, "don't you ever dare to give another drop of skim milk as long as you live." And the deacon took good care that she didn't.—*Belfast Age.*

Slightly Mixed.

Jones took a cab to call on a friend who was not at home.

"The idea of spending a dollar on this idiot! If I had known he was out, I'd have walked."

BARGAINS FOR EVERYBODY

The bankrupt stock of F. Qua & Co., 49 King Street West, consisting of Toys, Games, Books, Fancy Goods, etc., has been removed to

Rosenbaum's Bazaar, 159 King St. East

and will be disposed of at great reductions. Camp Beds, Tennis, Racquets, Balls, Nets and Shoes, Boxing Gloves, Fishing Tackle, etc., in great variety.

DR. CUNNINGHAM
DENTIST
Cor. Yonge and Edward Streets

THE BEST PLACE IN THE CITY IS
CUNNINGHAM'S JEWELRY STORE
For Manufacturing New Designs in
Jewelry, Diamonds and Watches
77 Yonge St., 2 Doors North of King

A. E. FAWCETT
Successor to C. Sheppard
CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST
67 King Street West
Physicians' prescriptions and family recipes accurately compounded. Telephone No. 13

DYEING AND CLEANING
Gent's Suits, Ladies' Dresses
Dyed or cleaned, and all kinds of goods done on the shortest notice. Telephone 1258. Goods sent for and delivered. Best house in the city.
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE

THE PARMELEE ROOFING AND PAVING CO.
GRAVEL ROOFING
For all kinds of Flat Roofs.
ASPHALT PAVING
For Cellar Bottoms, Sidewalks, Breweries, Stables, etc., etc.
Estimates given for all parts of Ontario.
10 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

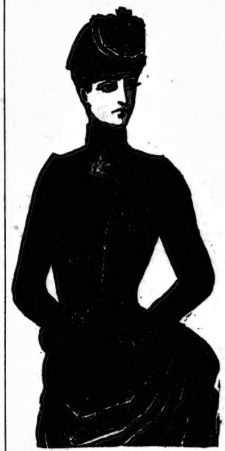
Recommended by the Medical Profession.

BEEF IRON AND COCA WINE
FOR MENTAL AND PHYSICAL EXHAUSTION
Has all the well-known properties of Beef, Iron and Wine, with the stimulating effects of Coca. It increases the vigor of the intellect, nerves and muscles; sustains strength in the absence of food; produces healthy sleep, and is not followed by any evil effects. Unequalled in cases of sudden exhaustion.
ADULT DOSE.—One tablespoonful between meals, or when fatigued or exhausted.
BENGHAM'S PHARMACY
100 YONGE ST., TORONTO.
For Sale by all Leading Druggist.

The Light Running Domestic Sewing Machine.
The first High Arm, the first Cylinder shuttle, the first Large Bobbin, the first Drop Leaf, the first Self Setting Needle, the first Locke Puller, the first Under Braider
E. C. WILLIAMSON
677 Queen St. West.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
Are now showing in every department a magnificent stock of Spring Novelties, specially in High Class Silks, French Dress Goods, Washing Dress Fabrics, Laces, Embroideries, Parasols, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Dress and Mantle Trimmings, Ornaments, Table Linens, Sheetings, Curtains Furniture Coverings and Upholstery Goods of every description. Only first-class goods, and at popular prices at
W. A. MURRAY & CO.'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 and 27 KING STREET EAST, and 12 COLBORNE STREET, TORONTO

FURS! = FURS!



JAMES HARRIS & CO.
99 Yonge Street
We are now busy manufacturing Boas and Muffs in Black, Cinnamon and Grizzly Bear, Blue and Red Fox, Lynx, etc., for the coming winter trade, and during the warm weather will sell them at very close prices. We will make special reductions in prices of Seal Mantles and Walking Jackets during the months of August and September. Our illustrated catalogue, containing over 100 cuts of different styles of Fur Garments, will be mailed free on application.
REPAIRING
You can have your repairing done better, cheaper and quicker now than you can by waiting until the cold weather starts.
JAMES HARRIS & CO.
MANUFACTURERS OF FINE FURS
99 Yonge Street

DORENWEND'S PARIS HAIR WORKS
Is the Largest in Canada

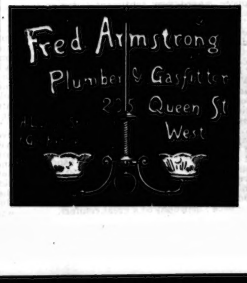
Persons buying Hair Goods please remember this: You can buy here cheaper goods, more becoming styles and better qualities than from any other dealer in the Dominion.
Hair Goods of all kinds. Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Toupees, &c; &c. Hair Ornaments of every description.
Fine Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c., &c.
DORENWEND'S
Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar
103 and 105 Yonge Street

FASHIONABLE HAIR STORE
Established 1887 407 Yonge St 407, Toronto
MONS. ARMAND, Proprietor

ONE GOLD AND TWO SILVER MEDALS
Highest and unique awards at Paris International and National Hair Goods Exposition and Competition of 1882 and 1883.
Ladies who are in want of Hair Goods for styles, comfort or necessity, will get the best satisfaction in Quality and Price at Mons Armand's Hair Store. Great choice in the Latest Styles of Bangs, etc. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wigs and Toupees. Ladies' Hair Dressing, Cutting, Singeing and Shampooing. Specialty of Hair Dying in ten different colors and shades. White hair made golden or in nine different shades. Price per bottle, of any color, $1 Jet Black, Black, Dark Brown, Medium Brown, Light Brown, Chestnut, Light Chestnut, Blonde, Ash Blonde and Golden.
Armand's Hair Store 407 Yonge St., Toronto

Wines and Liquors
RELIABLE GOODS ONLY
For Medicinal Purposes. For Family Use
PORTS, SHERRIES, NATIVES
Guaranteed Absolutely Pure.
Barton & Guestier's Clarets, St. Julien, Medoc and Floirac.
IRISH, SCOTCH AND CANADIAN WHISKYS
BRANDIES, RUM, GIN
SHAVER, The Direct Importer
Telephone 1850. No. 4 Louisa St., cor. Yonge

CAMPING SEASON
EDWARDS'
DESICCATED SOUP
For Sale by Grocers Everywhere
Wholesale Depot: 30 St. Sacrament St., Montreal
Cook book free on application, naming this paper.



TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI YATISI

CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

STOVEL & CO.
LADIES' TAILORS
COSTUME AND HABIT MAKERS
JUST OUT
"CLEOPATRA"
H. RIDER HAGGARD'S latest and best novel..... 50c
MIDSUMMER NUMBER
ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS
With two handsome colored plates ..... 50c.
New Books and Magazines Received Daily
F. W. NYE & CO.
THE ROSSIN HOUSE NEWS DEPOT
187 King St. West

J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

FIRST HALF OF A TWO PART STORY.

MARY'S DREAM

BY ELIZABETH CLASTON.

CHAPTER I.

I was about two-and-twenty when my grandfather, Mr. Garnshawe of Beechwood, wrote to ask me to spend a short holiday I was about to take at his house. My mother was his eldest daughter, and my father, Mark Paillot, needs no introduction, having made himself a name in the engineering profession. I had been brought up in his footsteps, and at the age of sixteen been sent abroad with a clever, go-ahead man, in whose employment I had remained ever since. At the time of which I speak I had just returned from three months surveying in Russia. For my age I had seen a good deal of the world, and sometimes in a very rough form. I was blessed with good health and plenty of energy. To complete this description of myself, I will just mention that I was six feet high, broad in proportion, blue eyed, light-haired, and, in short, not a bad looking young fellow. My father, who was a somewhat austere man, said I did not take sufficiently serious views of life. My mother said that I had a very affectionate disposition. So I had. I always fell in love on the least provocation.

My mother's family had lived at Beechwood for many generations, and my grandfather was known and respected for miles round as a fine, old, country gentleman. We were very proud of him and of my grandmother also. What a dear old lady she was, and how clever! Yet so quiet and unassuming that those who did not know her would never have suspected the amount of knowledge she possessed. She read almost every book that came out, and understood it, too. But she was no blue-stocking. She could manage her house well, and give sound advice, when needed, to her poorer neighbors. Then she knew all about cooking and making coddlements for sick people. I used to stay with them often in my holidays, when I was a boy, and in the winter time it was quite a treat to catch cold there. We used to warmed over night, posset, wine-whey and unlimited black currant jam, I used to have fearful relapses.

In his letter my grandfather intentional that my cousin, Mary Garnshawe, looked forward to seeing me. Mary was my uncle John's eldest daughter, and being a great favorite with the old couple, had, like myself, spent a good deal of time at Beechwood when a child. She was now living with them altogether, for her father's family was large; and it was necessary for my grandmother to have a cheerful companion to take some of the household cares off her shoulders. I remembered Mary, a round-faced little girl, up to any fun and mischief. My recollections also extended to a very stained and fruity pinafore, frock often out at the gathers, scratched pinafore, and original references round her mouth, connected with strawberries and other fruits. It was now eight years since I had seen her, with the exception of once, when she was walking with a governess and looked shy and prim. I was pleased with the prospect of meeting her again, for we had been, on the whole, very good friends.

At the time of which I write, there was no railway in that part of the country, so I went down by coach. It was pleasant summer weather, and at last I was set down at the white gate of the carriage drive, and in a minute more was met and warmly welcomed by my grandfather and grandmother. After many enquiries as to my well-being of my belongings, my grandmother said, "Why, Mark, have you forgotten Mary?" and a young lady who had been standing in the background, came forward blushing and smiling, as she held out her hand.

"Is that Mary?" I exclaimed, "I should never have thought it!" and I blushed more than she had done when they all laughed. For I had pictured to myself a short, sturdy, rosy young person, not exactly a romping girl, but a sort of good-natured, grown up girl. Here I was quite taken aback by a vision of grace and blue mauna, which at last arranged itself into the following details:

A tall, well-shaped girl, rather plump than otherwise, but easy and graceful. Face rather pale, but healthy looking and rounded cheeks which deepened easily into a lovely rose tint. The merry grey eye and smiling mouth were all that remained to me of my little Mary. Then, there was something so aerial, and spotless and faultless about the blue muslin. Well, time works wonders!

I had arrived just in time for dinner, and when that hospitable meal was over, Mary proposed to show me the alterations in the garden while the old people took their after-dinner rest.

"Well, Mary," I said, as I sauntered along, "I should hardly have known you; you are wonderfully altered and improved."

"Thank you, Mark," she answered, laughing. "Of course you mean to compliment me, but you evidently thought there was room for improvement."

"You were always a jolly little girl," I went on, "but you are as different as possible to what I expected. Am I as much changed, do you think?"

"Yes, you've altered in some ways—a good deal bigger, for instance; but I shall suspend my judgment as to the improvement."

That speech was like your old self. But what a change there is here! The trees must have been cut down—is not that a pity? And the old walk round the garden wall where we used to play horses, it's all taken away and cabbages planted!"

"Oh, it's much better to make the ground useful. It was always a sloppy old walk, and we don't want to play horses now. How hard you used to drive me in those days, Mark!"

"I have never driven anything since half so unmanageable, Mary. Your idea of a horse was perpetual kicking and plunging."

And so we chatted on very pleasantly, revisited old spots, talked of old times and old friends, and became again quite cousinly and confidential.

After tea we had a game at whist, Mary and her grandfather being partners, grandmother and I. Now it is an odd thing that, though the old gentleman was at times very hasty in his temper, and the old lady most gentle, this game seemed to change their characters entirely. He played as if he thought it all a joke, and laughed whether he lost or won; whereas my grandmother bent her whole mind to it, sat bolt upright, held her cards firmly and was unmistakably annoyed when she was the loser.

For some time the cards were against us, and my grandmother began to regard me with some disapproval, mingled with fear. While she was sorting her cards with a very grave countenance, my grandfather gave me the wink and glanced at Mary, who, with a comical look, passed the king and queen of trumps to me under the table. I was sharp enough to know what they meant, and gave her my too poorest cards in exchange. The game went off beautifully, and my grandmother's face brightened up. It was radiant when we rose from the table, for we had given them a thorough beating, thanks to a little more manipulation. She then explained to me where I had erred in my play, and my grandfather remarked gravely, but with a twinkle in his eye, that no one could play better than his old woman when she bent her mind to it.

The next morning at breakfast my grandmother received a letter, which, after carefully reading twice, and wiping her spectacles after each perusal, she handed to her husband. He glanced over the first page and then energetically remarked: "Confound it!" but meeting his wife's admonishing glance, added quietly:

"Well, poor things, they're welcome; but I hope they won't stay long."

"Whatever is it about, grandmamma?" asked Mary.

"Oh, it's only from poor Mrs. Lyton, my dear. She and Jane are going to spend a month in Birmingham, and they offer to stay a few days with us just to break the journey."

"Oh, it's too bad! Just when we were all so cosy. I knew they'd be down upon us again!"

"But, Mary, love, we must be hospitable; and think what a deal of trouble she's had, poor thing!"

"At all events, this time it's only for a few days," said my grandfather, resignedly. "As they are going on to Birmingham they won't stop long, you see. When are they coming, my dear?"

"By the coach this afternoon," with a deprecating look.

"Just like them," sighed Mary. "Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

However, Mary and I had a jolly three-mile walk, to get some poultry from a farm house, in honor of the extra guests, so they did some good in their generation. They arrived, as we expected, by the afternoon coach.

Now I must say a little about Mrs. Lyton. She had been a widow as long back as I could remember, and her married life had not been a happy one, which, I think, was not to be wondered at. She was my grandmother's cousin, and they were very kind to her at Beechwood, and many a well filled hamper and presents of clothing had they sent to her. My father and mother had been substantially kind also.

Though she expressed rather fulsome gratitude for the presents, she was always bemoaning our spiritual state, and, we knew, did not speak well of us behind our backs. The chief fault of Jane and herself, I have always thought, was spiritual pride.

It was an awful trial when the two came to stay either with us or at Beechwood. They gave us the impression that they thought us all in a very bad way indeed. Jane was shocked at mother, than whom a better Christian never lived, though she was not always talking about it. To live when mother was living in a house it was a difficult matter to get them out again. They were tall, black-eyed women, with high complexions, stiff hair and scanty petticoats. I was too young to see them eyeing grandmother's caps and Mary's pretty dresses.

Mr. Cowley, the vicar, had been asked to dinner; he was a genial man and a great friend, yet that meal was not nearly so merry as the one on the previous day. The two new comers looked so much as though they had something on their minds, that my grandfather tried to cheer them up, and called upon me to tell one or two comic anecdotes I had related the day before. I got through one; they smiled grimly, and I saw they thought me wicked, though the vicar laughed heartily.

Soon after Mr. Cowley made a pun, at which Mrs. Lyton looked so much depressed that he hastened to tell them an outbreak of small-pox in the neighboring town, which cheered them up a little. We did not try to be funny again, and felt relieved when the ladies left the table. My grandfather called Mary back, patted her on the shoulder and told her to keep up her spirits. He then remarked that there was a chilliness in the air, and advised me to fill up our glasses, at which we laughed and were soon very comfortable.

When we joined the ladies we found them talking seriously over their tea; so, after casting over in my own mind for the least obnoxious subject of conversation, I began to tell my grandmother about a pattern I was drawing on, and how I wanted her help on one or two points, and also wished to make extracts from the entries in their old family bible. She asked Mary to fetch it, and my cousin and I, seating ourselves a little apart from the others, were soon deep in its pinafore. She also stated to the company generally, and the vicar in particular, the points on which she differed from the church.

It was a very old Bible, in a black leather cover, and as it was too much worn to be used daily, my grandmother kept it locked up in her own room. Not only the fly-leaves, but even the margins of many of the pages were covered with writing; extra leaves had been pasted in for the later records. The earlier names were entered without any method, and in perspersed with various memoranda and recipes, such as "A wash for weak eyes," and "A posset to cure a cold." We found the dates of our own births, and then traced backwards; but there were many ramifications.

"This Bible has been a great deal used, Mark," Mary said at last. "What a comfort it has been to many a one of our family; and what influence it must have had! It is a pathetic old book."

"Yes," I replied, slowly turning over the well-worn leaves. "Here are you and I, Mary, full of life, and here are the names of others, resembling us, no doubt, not only in face, but in thought and feeling, who have passed away. We only know them through the inscriptions on their tombstones and the entries in this Bible. The poor old book is getting very shaky; I wonder whether it will last long enough for other fingers to turn over the leaves and say, when they see our names, "This was my great grandfather, or grandmother, as the case may be."

Mary looked very grave and showed me her own name—"Mary Garnshawe, born 1848."

"See," she said, "farther on this same Mary marries, in 1723, Caleb Poynton, gent.—and Mary, wife of Caleb Poynton, died 1750, childless."

A tear dropped on the page. Was it not quite natural that I should take her hand and hold it?

After a few moments I looked up and saw Mrs. Lyton surveying us with evident disapproval. I also heard my grandmother, whose attention she had directed our way, whisper, "Great friends, always, you know." So I pressed Mary's hand, and rose, saying I would take the Bible into my own room, and then I could make the extracts I wanted.

My week's holiday passed very quickly. After leaving Beechwood I was to return home for a few days and then depart for Canada, where I had a two years' railway engagement. I began to feel very restless and uneasy in my mind, and to dislike the idea of Canada, although I had before been delighted with the appointment. The cause of all this was—Mary.

Not being unfamiliar with the world, I knew well enough from what I was suffering; only this attack appeared to be really serious. On my last morning I rose early, as was my habit, and strolled in a pensive mood round the garden. Soon I discovered the fair occupant of my thoughts gathering strawberries for breakfast. Of course I went to assist her, and I suppose waxed very sentimental, for at last she laughed very shyly and said:

"Really Mark, you must not be so spoony. We all know your weakness, but Mrs. Lyton and Jane have told poor grandmamma we are flirting awfully; so I want you to be very sensible this last morning."

"Hang Mrs. Lyton and Jane!" I answered. "Why should there be anything awful in our liking each other? We have done that for years—besides I have not been flirting a bit, Mary. I wish you would think better of me. You don't know what pain it will be to me to leave you. Mary, I want you to promise that while I am away you will think of me often and kindly, and that you will write to me now and then, and tell me all the family news, especially about yourself. I suppose I ought to say no more, as I have to work hard before I am my own master; but, Mary, if you could also promise not to fall in love with anybody till I come back; it would be a great comfort.

Again her hand was in mine. She laughed, but her lip quivered. How pretty she looked in that pink cotton dress!

"Promise, dearest," I repeated, but just at that moment Mrs. Lyton came round the corner. With a smile to which vinegar was butter and honey, she wished us good morning, and telling us breakfast was waiting, carried us off to the house.

I suppose my grandmother saw something tell-tale in our faces, for she looked sympathizing, petted Mary, and was more fearful than usual that I had enough, or rather too much, to eat, and of the best on the table, for she still looked upon me as a growing lad.

"You must let us hear what you think of Canada, Mark," she said.

"I will be sure to write as often as I can, and I have been asking Mary to let me hear sometimes how you are going on."

"Of course she will, my boy," interposed my grandfather cheerily. "You be a good steady lad—"

"He has always been that," said my grandmother.

"Ay, that he has. We've had no occasion to be ashamed of him, thank God! Well, keep up your spirits, Mark. In two years we'll have you back with us, and who knows what may turn up in that time?"

A grave expression passed over his handsome, genial face, and he continued:

"I ought at my age to know better than look forward, so far, but I should like to see thee again, lad."

I grasped the kind, old hand stretched out to me, and a sudden impulse made me rise from my chair and, big young fellow of two-and-twenty as I was, stoop over my grandfather, kiss his forehead, and then hastily quit the room. A strange emotion came over me that in two years Beechwood would not be what I: was then.

I felt very really ached as I put the things in my valise; soon I heard my grandfather's voice calling to me that the coach was in sight. Down I ran, took an affectionate farewell of my grandmother and a very formal one of her guests. My grandfather and Mary walked down to the gate. While yet hidden from the road by a clump of laurels, he said in his hearty way:

"Now, my lad, good-bye and God bless you. Let Mary and I be off."

What a thoughtful old gentleman he was! I did kiss Mary—and she whispered, "I promise."

As I looked down at her from my seat by the driver. I thought she seemed very grave and pale. My grandfather waved his hat and off, we went. The weather was just as bright as it had been a week ago—the country just as lovely—but I thought of neither, I felt very low indeed.

(To be Continued.)

How It Happened.

Norah—So you be engaged to Patrick, air you? You said you were goin' to say "no" when he axed you.

Bridget—It was the same I intended to reply, but whin the poor bye begged me hand me heart went pity Pat and before I had tolme to refuse I said "yes."

A Gloomy Outlook.

Old Friend—Got a star for next season?

Theatrical Manager (gloomily)—No; all the babies are engaged, and the woman who killed that Chicago broker won't go on the stage.

A Crisis in Spain.

Queen of Spain—Moi Gracia! The baby king has the stomach-ache.

Lord Chamberlain (excitedly)—Woo-o! Call the Secretary of the Interior!

A Noble Fellow.

Jinkers—I hear your engagement with Miss Petite is off.

Goodfellow—Yes; her folks are going to a seaside resort and I did not want her engagement to me to hang like a pall over her all summer.

Progress.

George—How is your suit with Miss De Pink progressing?

Jack—Finely. When I call now her dog wags its tail.

Miserable "Funny Men."

"Things," says Dick Deadeye, "are seldom what they seem." However this may be as a general truth, it is certainly applicable as regards humorists. Artemus Ward disappointed many people when in England, because while they expected to see a man with mirth oozing out of every pore, they found that he almost invariably seemed to be on the verge of tears. Josh Billings was equally unfortunate. He, by general consent, had the air of a man who has just seated himself on a tack. Leech, the *Punch* artist and illustrator of the Comic History of England, was a gloomy fellow, beloved by all who knew him, but, according to Mr. James Payn, he disappointed expectation in the way of comedy. He was very silent, and his air was generally one of settled gloom.

Turning to some living humorists, we find the result just the same. Petroleum V. Nasby, the American journalist, is described as looking "fighting mad," while Mark Twain is said to wear the injured look of a bad boy who has been pulled out of bed to see uncongenial company. Mr. R. L. Stevenson, if not a humorist, is at least the most optimistic of the writers of to-day. Yet there looks very little fun in his long, thin face, and, indeed, it is pretty well known that several of his works were composed from a bed of sickness.

Literary history shows that men of the most sparkling wit and most brilliant fancies were constitutionally predisposed to great depression, and that a great proportion of those men lived lives of work and pain. Johnson says: "All that can be told with certainty of Butler, the author of Hudibras, is that he was poor. Bacon, with all his wit, died so poor that he hardly left money enough to bury him; Sterne's death bed and funeral were friendless; and poor Sheridan's end was miserable in the extreme." These famous examples lend a great significance to the saying of the beggar in Mackenzie's Man of Feeling: "Your wags, I take it, are seldom rich."

"Hook, the humorist, all mirth and jocularity abroad, at home a wretch." Lady Blessington records, "subject to violent revulsions of feelings, to gusts of sadness, and fits of dejection of spirits, which temporary excitement, produced by stimulants, did not much tend to remedy or remove. . . . He ended his miserable career worried to death by creditors, attorneys, and bailiffs.

Goldsmith was another striking example in point, as also was Charles Lamb, of whom it was said that in his countenance you might sometimes read the tragic story of some forgotten calamity. Pope never laughed, although he would sometimes condescend to make some sort of a feeble simulacrum of mirth. Foote, the actor, was irresistibly comic on the stage and in company—"whoever loves a laugh must sigh for Foote," says Byron—but in privacy he was subject to the most intense melancholy. Lastly, Curran, the famous Irish advocate, whose black servant had to leave him because he made him laugh too much, was at best a dejected and miserable man.

"If I laugh," wrote the saddest satirist that ever put pen to paper, "it is that I may not weep." It is to this method of drowning sorrow that we are indebted for Charles O'Malley and other novels, which Lever, it is said, might never have written if he had not often been the victim of an almost morbid melancholy. That the character or sentiment of a work is no clue to the circumstances under which it was written is undeniable. Witness Tennyson's

They Meet as Strangers.

"Clara, dear, I want to show you my new engag-ment ring before you go."
"It's very pretty, but remember the stone is loose."
"Why, how do you know that?"
"Didn't Mr. Rigsby tell you I wore it for a month or two!"—*Scribner's Magazine.*

recent confession that the well-known poem, "Break, break, break, on thy cold gray stones, O Sea," was not composed or inspired by the sea shore, but "made in a Lincolnshire lane at five o'clock in the morning." But it certainly was remarkable that some authors, like Scott, could write humorously when they were writhing under mental or bodily anguish.

Moore tells us, however, that Byron wrote some of his wittiest passages when he was greatly dejected, and Cowper, of whom an invalid said:

"Oh men, this man, in brotherhood your weary path benefiting,
Groaned inly whilst he taught you peace and died whilst ye were smiling."

produced that masterpiece of fiction, John Gilpin, during one of his fits of intense melancholy. He himself says: "Strange as it may seem, the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote have been written in the saddest mood, and but for that saddest mood perhaps might not have been written at all." Some of Hood's wittiest poems were composed in agony, and the rollicking hunting scenes of Frank Smedley's novels were dictated from an invalid's couch.

Attribute it, then, to whatever cause we may, it is clear that great humorists have often lived exceedingly miserable lives, and that if we could sometimes see the source of writings which give us amusement, our laughter would give place to another emotion of a very different character.

That Shabby Stranger.

Lord Spencer, although a first-rate rider and a daring man with hounds, is not a good shot. There is an amusing story related of him during his tenure of office as President of the Wimbledon Rifle Club. As is pretty generally known, persons firing at and missing the targets are liable to a fine of half-a-crown.

One day the range officer noticed a rather shabbily-dressed man of unkempt appearance firing at the target. As he was missing with considerable ease and rapidity, the range officer thought it best to claim the full extent of the fines before the seedily-dressed man had got too heavily into debt.

With this end in view, he accosted the stranger, reckoned up the sum which he was, by the rules of the Association, entitled to claim, and requested the would-be marksman to hand over the required amount.

The stranger fumbled in his pockets for a considerable time, and at last was obliged to confess that he had come out without any money, that his name was Lord Spencer, and that he was President of the Association.

The range officer, of course, apologized, but the fines were eventually paid.—*Tit-Bit.*

Lessons in Etiquette.

High-toned Waiter (to guest who did not fee him)—Beg pardon, sah—take this.

Guest—This? Why, this is a twenty-five cent piece. What is this for?

High-toned Waiter—To help you pay foh youah dinnub, sah.

Good Cause for Alarm.

Anxious Mother—My dear, is not your husband drinking pretty heavily!

Daughter (wife of an editor)—Um—why do you ask!

A. M.—Oh, nothing. Only I have noticed several articles in his paper lately about the dangers of ice-water.

Can You Keep a Secret.

A secret, like an oyster, cannot be kept too close, for the moment it is opened it ceases to exist.

A French philosopher says: A man is more faithful to the secrets of another than to his own; a woman, on the contrary, preserves her own secret better than that of another.

The explanation given for woman's proneness to let the cat out of the bag is that she is afraid she might die, and then there would be no one left to keep it.

None are so fond of secrets as those who don't mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets as a spendthrift covets money—for the purpose of circulation.

"My dear Murphy," said an Irishman to his friend, "why did you betray the secret I told you!"

"Is it bethrayin' you call it? Sure, whin I found I wasn't able to keep it myself, didn't I do well to tell it to somebody who could?"

Secrets are poor property. If you circulate them you lose them, and if you keep them you lose the interest on the investment.

"What are you sealing up in that envelope so carefully, Jones?"

"Important instructions that I forgot to give my wife before I came to town this morning; I'm going to send it up home.

"Will your wife open it at once?"

"Rather! I've made sure of that."

"How?"

"I have addressed it to myself and put a big 'private' on the corner of the envelope."

Laws of Health.

Tramp—Thankee kindly, mum; I'd no hope of gettin' sich a fine supper to-day, mum. May Heaven bless ye!

Housekeeper—As you've had a good supper, I think you might chop some wood.

Yes, mum; but you know the old adage, 'After dinner rest awhile; after supper walk a mile.' I'll walk the mile first, mum.

Aristocratic Indeed

A boy was one day visiting a school friend, and fell into conversation with his friend's mother. He finally remarked that it was getting very hard to tell, from the places in which people live, whether or not they are entitled to social consideration.

"Now there's Blank street," he said; "you wouldn't think anybody was much that lived in Blank street, would you? But there's Mr. T——, he lives there."

"And is Mr. T—— much?"

"Mr. T——! with the air of one overwhelmed by astonishment that such an obvious fact should escape anybody. "I should think he was! He's an awful swell. Why, he won't speak to my father!"

An Unfortunate Combination

Lady of the House—Well, sir, what do you want?

Agent (affably)—I have here a charming little book written by one of our greatest writers, which I think would be particularly interesting to you. It is called The White Horse of the Nile. It is a beautiful—

After the neighbors had tenderly extricated the remains from the front gate and had picked up the scattered leaves of the book, the lady of the house opened the front door again, armed with a broom, and yelled, "Now, if there's anyone else in the crowd that wants to insult my hair let them do it. I'm ready for 'em."

His Friend Skaggs

"Hello, Moneybagg, how goes it?"

Mr. Moneybagg's whole frame quivered and tingled as a brawny hand came down with a whack between his shoulders.

"I—I—beg your pardon, sir, but I don't know you," said Moneybagg, painfully conscious that the eyes of all the clerks in his counting room were fixed on him and his caller.

"What! Ye don't know me? Don't remember Bill Skaggs?"

"No, I do not."

"Why, man, what's become of your reckomembery if ye fergit old friends like me? Cayn't guess, now, when and where it was you see me last?

"No."

"Why, dern it all, Moneybagg, I'm the feller ye got yer warm up in when ye was fishin' up in Muskoka three or four years ago, yes I am. An' I've said ever sence that if I ever come to Toronto I allowed to put up with my old friend Moneybagg, an' back come I, by Jacks, come to stay a week with ye. Tickled to death to see me, ain't ye?"

Made a Mistake.

Old Gent (meeting a frequent caller on the street)—Young man, what's your salary?

Young man (indignantly)—Sir?

"I want to know what your income is."

"Go to Halifax."

"Oh! Beg pardon. I thought you were courting my daughter, but I see you are only flirting with her. 'Nuff said."

George All Right.

Anxious Mother—My dear, I'm afraid George is getting into bad company. He is out very late nearly every night.

Observing Father—Oh, he's all right. He goes to see some girl or other. Shouldn't wonder if he'd announce an engagement soon.

"He hasn't said a word about any young lady."

"No; but he's keeping company with one all the same. His right wrist is full of pin scratches."

His Vocation.

Mrs. McCorkle—I don't know what we can do with Tommy. He's so cruel, always torturing cats and dogs and pinching the baby.

Mr. McCorkle—He'll make a capital insane asylum keeper.

Mistaken.

Tompkins—There seems to be sand on these berries, Mrs. Humpup.

Mrs. Humpup (stiffly)—I think you are mistaken, Mr. Tompkins; the fruit is perfectly free from grit. Possibly you heaped on too much sugar.

Had Heard of It.

Professor (making himself agreeable)—Aluminum is a wonderful metal, Mr. Struckoyle.

Struckoyle—Yes, it is. My son James belongs to the Aluminum Association of the college he graduated from and I've heard him speak of it.

A Sunday-School Lesson.

Omaha Teacher—Can any of the class explain to me why the way of the transgressor is so hard?

Omaha Spark—I guess it's because it's traveled so much.

Quite Elevated.

Brown—Since Gilledge made a strike in oil he has got to be quite a high-flyer.

Jones—Well, I should say he had. Why, he has even added wings to his house.

A Stumbling Block.

Rev. Primrose—Your mother doesn't seem as fond of you as she might be.

Little Johnnie—No, sir; she says if it hadn't been for me, she'd have had sister married years ago.

BEECHAM'S PILLS
(THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.)
Cure BILLIOUS and Nervous ILLS,
Sick Headache, &c.
OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

A Secret of the Scaffold.

One autumn evening of the year 1864, Edmund La Pommerais sat in the condemned cell of La Roquette, in Paris.

His arms bound by the usual strait waistcoat, he sat, with features pale and rigid, staring at the solitary candle upon the table, while against the wall stood a warder, silently scrutinizing his every movement.

La Pommerais was a surgeon, about thirty-four years of age, his hair dark, yet already gray about the temples, and he awaited his death summons for the murder of a rich female patient, by digitaline, with the intent to possess himself of her wealth. Despite the powerful aid of the eminent counsel Lachard, the court had refused to admit "extenuating circumstances." His friends had appealed for mercy, and the venerable Abbe Crozes had personally interceded with the emperor, but it was deemed in every quarter absolutely necessary to make a signal example of La Pommerais.

The rattling of muskets upon the slabs without indicated the approach of some one of importance, and the grinding of the key in the lock roused the prisoner from his reflections. The door opened, and the governor of the jail entered, accompanied by another person, whom La Pommerais recognized as the eminent scientist, Armand Velpean.

At a sign from the governor the warder withdrew, and Dr. Velpean was locked in with the culprit.

La Pommerais resigned the only chair to Dr. Velpean, and seated himself upon the narrow bed, from which so many had been before so strangely aroused from their last slumber. The light being feeble, the visitor moved his seat closer to the prisoner that he might more closely scan his features. He was sixty at that date, a member of the Institute, the author of many brilliant works on pathology, and, as a scientist, at the height of his fame.

"Sir," said Velpean, after a pause, "I will not be so insincere as to offer you condolences upon your position; for, although my doom may be more remote than yours, the disease from which I suffer condemns me as surely to death, within the next two years. Therefore, as men whose hours are numbered, let us proceed to business as quickly as we can."

"Has my appeal been rejected then?" gasped La Pommerais.

"I fear so," replied the doctor, "but you have yet a few days before you."

The prisoner shuddered, and the cold sweat started on his brow; yet with an effort he added:

"Well, so be it. I am ready. The sooner, perhaps the better."

Velpean, drawing a lancet from his pocket, slit the jacket at the wrist, that he might place his finger on the condemned man's pulse, and after a minute's consideration, he continued:

"You are possessed of coolness and determination, very rare under such circumstances, and these render the proposition I came to make an easier task."

"I am all attention," replied La Pommerais.

"As a medical student yourself, you must be aware," said the scientist, "that one of the most curious physiological questions is as to whether memory lingers in the human brain after the separation from the human body?"

The prisoner shivered slightly at this reference to his immediate fate, but promptly recovering, he replied:

"I was thinking upon that same point, sir, when you entered this cell, and if the question interests you, think how much more deeply interesting must it be to me."

"You have doubtless read Ledillot and Bichat?"

"Yes," answered the prisoner, "and have myself dissected a criminal after execution."

"And have you formed any settled opinion on the subject?" interrupted Velpean.

"Not yet."

"This very day," continued Doctor Velpean, "I have carefully considered the instrument of death, and I admit its complete adaptability for its purpose. The heavy angular knife does its work in exactly one-third of a second; therefore the patient cannot appreciate the shock any more than the soldier can the loss of a limb from the passage of a cannon ball upon the field of battle. Any sensation under such circumstances must be obscured by shock. It is true that the knife makes two wounds; but I imagine that the rapid severing of the neck produces a swoon more perfect and immediate than that of the most powerful anæsthetics. As to the involuntary movements of the fleshly body, so suddenly arrested in its vital processes, they are but nervous indications, not necessarily combining pain. The actual suffering may be alone in the preparations for the last ordeal, otherwise the separation of brain and heart should paralyze all."

"I trust it may be so," replied La Pommerais, "yet what if there be some terribly new agony, impossible to analyze, in the sensual disorder produced by the instantaneous usurpation of death?"

After some moments' reflection, the culprit continued:

"Are the organs of memory and will, in man, placed in the same lobes whence we locate them in other animals, and, if so, are they equally confounded by the passing of the blade? There are tales of lips that have articulated after separation; and it is related of a sailor at Brest, who was accidentally decapitated on board ship, that he snapped in twain a pencil placed between the teeth a full hour after the head had been severed from the body. Was that a muscular act only, or an effect of the sentient organs of the brain? Who can tell? Before many hours I shall have known—and forgotten."

"Forgotten, yes; but perhaps communicated the knowledge," eagerly continued Doctor Velpean. "It remains with you to decide the point; and that brings me directly to the object of my visit."

"I do not understand you," cried the prisoner, amazedly.

"Monsieur de la Pommerais," said Doctor Velpean, "in the sacred cause of Science, which daily claims her martyrs, you may by an act of supreme abnegation benefit her and mankind. You are a surgeon, and are better fitted than any other to collaborate in an experiment which may be of inestimable value. I believe it possible, by a concentration of will, that you may exchange with me a sign of intelligence after execution. If you assent, and we succeed, you will leave a memory in science which may efface the record of your social fault!"

"To what tests do you propose to subject me—arterial, injection, electricity, or——"

"To none of these," interrupted the physician. "Your body shall be respected; but when the knife falls, I will be at your side, and rapidly as I can I shall grasp your head, cry distinctly in your ear, 'If you remember our covenant, close your right eye-lid three times, the left remaining open.' If by this action of the palpebra nerve you prove that you understand me, you will revolutionize our conclusions, and be recorded as a benefactor, instead of a criminal."

At this astounding request, the eyes of La Pommerais dilated, and after a pause he replied:

"Come to me that morning, and I will give you my answer."

"I thank you," said Velpean, and bowing to the prisoner, he disappeared at the door, as the warder reassumed his watchful attitude; then La Pommerais threw himself on the bed, to reflect as well as he might upon the ghastly experiment.

On the fourth morning thereafter, about half past five o'clock, the governor of the prison, accompanied by an officer of the court and the Abbe Crozes, entered the condemned cell.

Suddenly shaken from sleep, the prisoner knew that his hour had come, and rising, he dressed himself rapidly. For a few moments he spoke with the good abbe, who had for years enjoyed a brave reputation for strengthening and consoling those in the supreme agony. His eye then fell on the anxious face of Dr. Velpean, and he said:

"I have practiced my part of the task and succeeded. See!" and with his right eye he winked thrice.

The man of science acknowledged his courage with an approving smile, and then made way for the executioner and his assistants.

The last toilet was quickly effected, the good old priest reading the white-faced farewell note from the prisoner's wife. La Pommerais' eyes filled with tears, but they were religiously wiped away by the old man's pious fingers. Refusing the proferred glass of brandy, the prisoner rose, and the procession moved toward the entrance of the prison.

The vast iron doors swung back before it, and the soft morning air swept into the gloomy building. The Place de la Roquette was guarded by a cordon of cavalry, and within them, surrounded by a half-circle of gens d'armes, whose swords were instantly drawn and held *en garde* as the procession appeared, arose the grim engine of the law.

Beyond the mounted troops arose the surging cries of the debauched crowd, that had kept vigil all night for the ghastly spectacle of the morning. Ruffians clung to the chimneys, while at the windows of the taverns women dressed in the tawdry dancing silks of the previous evening quaffed bad champagne still with their black-coated companions. Sparrows hopped nervously from twig to twig, as if greatly disconcerted by this unwonted assemblage in the early hours.

Grim and stark rose the guillotine, the knife gleamed coldly, and away in the sky beyond a single star twinkled faintly, like the last speck of hope, and faded out.

To the prisoner, around and above, there was nothing but glittering steel, he nerved himself strongly for the end.

As he was fastened to the plank, he kissed the crucifix, and a knot of his own hair which the priest had gathered at the toilet.

"Courage!" the old man whispered, as he himself laid the last kiss of peace upon the sufferer's cheek.

As the plank was dexterously put in position, La Pommerais saw Doctor Velpean at the promised rest.

The whole platform shook with the thud of the knife, but the sound had not ceased to vibrate ere the severed head was in Velpean's hands.

The face was sonber and livid, the eyes open and distraught, the brows twisted into a horrible grimace, the teeth locked, and the lower jaw yet quivered.

Loud and distinctly the scientist uttered the question agreed upon into the ear; but although fortified to his task, a tremor crept through Velpean's flesh, as the right eyelid closed slowly, while the left gazed distinctly into the experimentalist's face.

"In Heaven's name," cried the electrified doctor, "Again! the sign again!"

Twice the eyelid had moved. Now the lashes slightly wavered, as if with an astounding effort, but the lid did not move, and in another moment the face was rigid.

The executioner took the head and placed it, according to custom, between the legs of the trunk.

In a few moments more, as the surging crowd dispersed, Doctor Velpean fell back overcome in his carriage, and La Pommerais was already on his last journey to the cemetery of Mont Pamasse.

Life's Illusions.

Did you ever stop short in the midst of the grind and toil and whirl of life at the thought: after all, what will this never-ceasing fret of body and soul amount to? Did you ever then begin to reckon upon your fingers the unfulfilled promises with which your knowledge, as if you had but heard of them?

First, there is your acquaintance, Mr. ——, who, since he came to years of maturity, has had but this one object, to secure a competence, independence for himself and his children. At fifty he has achieved it; and now he has nothing to do but enjoy himself. But how?—that is the question that racks his brain day and night. He has a library, to be sure; that was part of the furnishing of his house; but, alas! he has no taste for reading. He has fine pictures upon his walls, but he has no eye for their beauty. He has daughters, but they are devoured with the love of finery and fashion. He has sons, but they are emulating each other in spending money, criminally and foolishly; and now he stands aghast at the goal, to reach which he has sacrificed the better part of himself and them; his sun is setting, and he has only the ashes of the Dead Sea Apple of Victory between his fingers.

Then there is Mrs. ——, who has staked all on her beautiful young daughter. She was educated at home, for fear of the contamination of associates; she was never from under the watchful eye of her parents, lest her manners should receive a flaw. She was drilled to speak, step, look, smile, eat and drink according to prescribed rules. She must foster herself in music, in the languages, in drawing. Her eyes, hands, teeth, nails, must undergo a careful supervision, each day, lest any attraction should be prematurely shorn of its glory. At last she dawns into beautiful womanhood. The evening is fixed for her triumphant entrance into society. Dressmakers, hair dressers, jewelers and florists are called into requisition. The important toilet is finished, when suddenly the house is thrown into consternation by her violent indisposition; and before morning the young girl's corpse is her shroud. The anguished woman groans out: "Ye have taken away my idol, and what have I left?" and she feels that life for her has nothing left but a dreary waiting for its close.

Then there are the great army of parents, whose heart-strings are wrung with pity at the little eyes which may never see, the little ears which may never hear, the little feet which may never skip or run, and the mute tongues which may never syllable the sweet words, "Father!" "Mother!" Then there are sons whose god is the wine cup, and living daughters whose own mothers had rather look upon their dead faces.

These heart-wrenchings and disappointments, are they not legion? And yet, like children whose toys, one after another, are broken or taken from them, we still reach out our hands for the gilded bubble of hope all the same as if it had never burst between our fingers. When our dearly loved children are taken from us, our torn heart-strings hasten to twine about their children, forgetting the little feet that have also trod "the dark valley." Surely, by this love-yearning which may never die in us, shall we find in another world than this its uninterrupted and perfect fruition.

A Rash Conclusion.

"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbles?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one, and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I lived has just died and left me——"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere——"

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbles!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry, I am yours!"

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too sudden! You say he left you?"

"Yes, he has left me."

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side, why—she's fainted!"

Ladies in Male Attire.

The extreme of masculine attire which young women affect for driving and tennis has almost been reached this summer. The average girl has a dozen or so colored figured shirts, precisely after the fashion of the average man. The shirts are made by the same maker in many instances, and the shirt front, studs, cuffs, collars and cravats are precisely alike, though designed for different sexes. The only detail is that the shirt that is intended for a girl is cut so that it follows the contour of the figure, while a man's shirt still hangs in the good, old, conventional, board-like fashion. Women's straw hats, yachting caps and tennis caps are precisely like men's, and so are their driving gloves, boots, jackets, jerseys and blazers. The belts are also similar in design so that, very often, a yachting or tennis-going girl is attired in exact duplicate of the yachting or tennis-going young men with the single exception of the skirt. Skirts are, however, now cut so close to the figure, and are so plain in finish and material that they do little to spoil the illusion of masculinity. The girls are mannish, but they look wonderfully chipper and smart.

In the gay French capital, however, they go even farther than this. A French paper tells us that the custom of dressing in gentlemen's clothes, so prevalent among the fair Parisiennes, is not only winked at by the police, but even recognized by what is termed "society." Every day a well known authoress, Madame de M——, is seen strutting about on the boulevards in a short coat. The other day a Madame Libert appeared as a witness attired in a jacket and pants, and said, in reply to the judge, who expressed astonishment, that she had no other clothes. A year ago, Madame Dieulafoy, the great Eastern traveler, when receiving the President of the Republic and his wife, on their visit to the Louvre to view the treasures she had brought from Susa, was dressed in a fashionable walking-coat, the button-hole of which was adorned with the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. She gallantly offered her arm to Madame Carnot, and escorted her about as her cavalier. At an academical dinner given by Mr. and Mrs. Dieulafoy, she appeared to have entirely renounced her sex, for she placed a lady on each side of her, whilst her husband, who sat opposite did the same.

It Wasn't There.

I was out on the south veranda half an hour before breakfast, when a young lady and her mother came out and hailed a newsboy and bought a Philadelphia paper.

"Suppose it isn't in here?" queried the girl as she opened the paper.

"Oh, it's sure to be," replied the mother. "Didn't father write out the notice himself and send it to the office?"

"But it's not here—not a word of it!" shrieked the young lady as she hastily scanned the Atlantic City personals.

"What! Doesn't it say that the handsome and accomplished daughter of Judge Waxem of No. 950 Shackajackson avenue left for the seashore last evening, to be gone a month, and that she will be the bright star of which Atlantic City society will revolve for the next few weeks?"

"Not a line—not a word. I am totally ignored."

"It looks like a conspiracy, my child, but wait for me a telegraph blank and I'll raise your father out of his boots and see whether he has any influence over the mendacious press of Philadelphia."—*Detroit Free Press.*

True Enough.

"Pat, is this true that I hear?"

"An' what's that, yer honor?"

"That you are going to marry again."

"That's so, yer honor."

"But your first wife has only been dead a week."

"Shure she's as dead now as she iver will be, yer honor."—*Pick-Me-Up.*

A Girl Blacksmith.

Perhaps the last business in which you would expect to find a woman is blacksmithing, and yet Alide Wilder, a tall and not unattractive brunette, makes very creditable horseshoes in a little shop under an elm tree in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Miss Wilder is 26 years old, probably, and has dark, Oriental-looking eyes and short, curly, dark hair. Her form is slender but well knit, and she has been accustomed to help her father in the smithy in preference to doing household duties ever since she was a child. One secret of the attraction which the occupation has for her is her love for horses, the most restive brutes submitting quietly to her control. Miss Wilder wears a short gown of dark serge about her work, with a rather coquettishly shaped leather apron and two or three knots of scarlet ribbon. It is surprising what a number of horses at once seem to need shoeing when her figure is noticed against the light of the forge fires. She has become her father's partner rather than assistant, and says she means to continue in the business.—*New York Mail and Express.*

He Naturally Objected.

Dr. Pillsbury (to patient)—My dear sir, all you need is plenty of outdoor exercise. Now, here is a little work that I would strongly advise you to read. It will teach you how to gain and preserve health. Its title is Physical Culture for the Million, and——

Patient—Excuse me, doctor——

Dr. Pillsbury—Well?

Patient—I wrote that book.

She Was Not Ready.

"Why won't you let your daughter Paula get married? She is surely quite old enough!"

"My daughter is old enough, but I am too young yet!—*Fliegende B'atter.*

Housecleaning Time.

LADIES! LOOK HERE!

What do you want better than PHENIX LESSIVE to assist you in this laborious work?

For any cleaning purpose it has no equal. Buy only the imported article, with address of manufacturer on every package.

I. PICOT

PARIS, FRANCE.

Economy Rapidity

PICNIC CASES

Either Fitted Complete or Plain

A Consignment of

Brief Bags

and

Hat Boxes

Just Received

H. E. CLARKE & CO.

105 King St. West

KINDLING WOOD DRY

Delivered prices, C. O. D., viz.:

13 Crates, $2; 6 Crates, $1; 3 Crates, 60 cents

Send post card or call at TULL & HARVIE'S, 20 Sheppard Street. Telephone No. 1570.

FINE ENGLISH WORSTED PANTS

Made to order and got up in first-class style

FOR $5.00

Fit and Workmanship Guaranteed

AT

B. SPAIN'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION

569 Queen Street West--New No.

NESTLE'S FOOD

TRADE MARK.

IS ESPECIALLY SUITABLE

FOR INFANTS IN HOT WEATHER

It requires no milk in preparation, and is very effective in the prevention of

Cholera Infantum

Ziemssen's Cyclopædia of the Practice of Medicine, V. I. vii., says: "In Cases of Cholera Infantum NESTLE'S MILK FOOD is Alone to be Recommended. Because the gastro-intestinal disorders to which infants are so subject are provided for by presenting only the nourishing properties of cow's milk in a digestible form. Cow's milk produces a coagulated mass of curd and cheese, which the immature gastric juice is utterly Unable to Dispose of."

This is one of the several reasons why infants' food requiring the addition of cow's milk fall as a diet in hot weather.

Pamphlet, also sample, on application to

THOS. LEEMING & CO., Montreal.

J. W. Cheeseworth

TAILOR AND DRAPER

106 King St. West

SPECIAL LINES

Serges, Lawn Tennis and Summer Suitings

Also a large assortment of

Cheviot and Worsted Trouserings

NEW ISSUES

IN

The Red Letter Series of Select Fiction

THE PRETTY SISTER OF JOSE—By Frances Hodgson Burnett ..... 25c.

MEHALAH—By S. Baring Gould ..... 40c.

LIGHTLY LOST—By Hawley Smart ..... 30c.

Canadian Copyright Editions

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY

PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

CHAS. ROGERS & SONS CO.

LIMITED

LATE OF R. HAY & CO.

Fancy and Staple

FURNITURE

Newest Designs. Moderate Prices

95 and 97 Yonge Street

FACTORY MACDONELL SQUARE

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Fringes Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

AT

W. C. MORRISON'S

161 King Street West

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH, 38 King Street East

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. II] TORONTO, AUG. 17, 1889. [No. 38

Would-be Inheritors.

No class of people have more fully realized the bitterness of disappointed hopes than the numerous expectant heirs to supposed large fortunes left by wealthy ancestors. In spite of the fact that in every notable case of the kind where, after a lapse of many years, claimants have imagined themselves entitled to a share in great estates, the pursuit has brought nothing but needless expense and worry, we read every day of fresh will goose chases of this sort. The Anneke Jans heirs held a meeting the other day in Hamilton, in connection with which it has transpired that any original validity which their claim might have possessed has been completely nullified by an express statute of Holland shutting out all ancient claims of that description. The collapse of the Lawrence-Townley proceedings is still fresh in the public mind. And now a lot of French claimants to the estate of Stephen Girard, the well-known Philadelphia millionaire, are attempting, after the lapse of more than half a century, to possess themselves of a portion of his wealth. In addition to such well-known and conspicuous cases there are in every large community otherwise intelligent people who fancy themselves entitled to the money of some great-great-grandfather, and cherish vague and vain hopes of some day coming into its possession. Thousands of dollars are often spent by those who can ill afford it in pursuit of such shadowy claims to the profit of rascally shysters and schemers who feed the delusion for their own benefit. People who fancy themselves "rightful heirs," and perhaps may be so, ought to remember that possession is nine-tenths of law. The actual owners of millions, however slim their title, have an advantage in defending their possessions even against a clear and apparently valid claim, and when a long period has elapsed in nearly every case, there are statutes of limitation or legal presumptions in favor of the present possessor which reduce the chances of the claimant to about one in ten thousand. The best thing which the man who fancies himself entitled to the money of some old last century intestate who happened to be his namesake can do is to burn his old papers, forget all about it and go to work.

Marrying For Money.

Supposing that it were possible to procure statistics as to the number of marriages which were brought about from pecuniary considerations, the result would probably be a startling one. Marrying for money is much more frequent than is generally supposed. It is quite natural and proper of course that before entering upon a contract upon which the happiness of her whole future depends, a girl should insist on the assurance that her lover has the means to keep her in something like comfort. There is nothing unreasonable or sordid in making the ability to support a family a condition precedent to the solemnization of the irrevocable tie, and the young man who rails at the heartlessness of the sex because the girl he fancies is not ready to leave a comfortable home for a life of poverty and struggle, is a selfish and conceited cad. But apart altogether from this prudent common-sense view there are too many people of both sexes so infected with the sordid materialistic spirit of the age, that they constantly look forward to a good match as the means of advancing themselves in the world. A wealthy husband is the dream of many otherwise sensible and well-bred girls. Considerations of age, character and disposition are altogether secondary so long as money can be secured. *Blase* and battered old rakes devoid of every essential of true manhood and with no intellectual or personal qualification to render them attractive in women's eyes are eagerly sought after in the matrimonial market provided they are rich. If marriage for money is degrading and contemptible in a woman it is surely still more so in a man. In the former case there is sometimes the excuse of necessity. A woman thrown on her own resources ought to be pitied rather than blamed when she sells herself for a home and a position rather than face poverty. But what excuse can be made for the man who deliberately enters upon the career of a fortune-hunter and schemes to entrap heiresses or well-to-do widows into a loveless marriage? Yet society is full of such characters who will tell you without any apparent feeling of shame that they mean to "marry money" or not at all. The idea never seems to enter their heads that it is an unmanly and degrading thing to live in luxury on the bounty of a woman. The way in which young girls who have money or expectations are besieged by suitors, while those equally handsome or attractive are neglected, is sufficient evidence as to the prevalence of the mercenary element in modern match-making. No position more galling to any man with a spark of right-feeling and manly independence in his composition could well be conceived than that of the penniless husband of a wealthy wife, spending money which everyone knows comes from her dowry—a butt for the ill-concealed sneers and jibes of his associates. Yet it is a position which a good many seem to covet, repugnant as it must be to every man of honorable sentiment.

Music

There is some talk of a syndicate here taking up the concerts to be given by Pablo Sarasate and Eugene D'Albert in Toronto in the winter. Of the former a witty Frenchman has said: "If Joachim plays like a god, Sarasate plays like a devil." Be this as it may, few violinists have secured such a hold upon the admiration of the English public as Sarasate has. D'Albert is the European favorite to-day as a pianist, and if these two artists can be brought to Toronto during the coming season they will add much to its brilliancy. Patti and Tamagno would be another strong combination here, but it is hardly likely that Mr. Abbey will bring them to Toronto. In the meantime we hear nothing further of the Albani Opera Company that was promised here this year.

•

Among the operatic novelties which Mr. O. B. Sheppard has secured will be Nadjy, Said Pasha, the Bostonians, the Carleton Opera Company. Emma Abbott can hardly be said to be a novelty, but she will be here all the same with some new operas, and with thirteen new dresses by Worth. These with the concerts which are on the road, and the attractions secured by the Academy of Music, will give us a very handsome slate of musical attractions. Miss Norah Clench may be added to those already mentioned, as she will make a Canadian tour under the management of her former teacher, Mr. Joseph W. Baumann. Her successes in Germany and England will make her services much sought for in Ontario, especially as many of us retain pleasurable recollections of her playing before she went to Europe, together with the expectation that her sojourn abroad will have added to the charms of her performances.

•

Among the local organization the vocal society is again full of energy and will prepare for its first concert in December, a very attractive programe selected from the following compositions: Lady Mine, Barnby; A Slumber Song, Lohr; Lullaby of Life, Leslie; Hear My Prayer, Mendelssohn; Sir Patrick Spens, Pearsall; El Dorado, Pinsenti; We Roam and Rule the Sea, Leslie; Ave Verum, Gounod; Ye Banks and Braes, Max Vogrich, Scots Wha Hae, Leslie; and The Dying Trumpeter, for male voices. These selections ought to bring the society out with all its best powers, and exceptionally fine solo talent is being arranged for. Its December concert should be one of the most brilliant in its record.

•

Mr. Frank Lawson, formerly of Hamilton and now of Chicago, sang at Bond street church a couple of Sundays ago. He has a fine, resonant baritone voice, and sings with great taste and expression.

•

I have received a letter from Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., Trinity College, Toronto, in which he informs me that he sat for examination at Trinity College of Music, London, Eng., with the result that he is now an associate of that institution being first among one hundred and twenty candidates. He is also prizeman in harmony of the same institution, this prize not being given at the Christmas examinations, owing to the low standard of the candidates.

•

The choir of the Church of the Redeemer will continue its Services of Song during the coming season, and is arranging for the singing of a fine list of anthems and services, with the assistance of prominent vocalists and organists. Mr. Guiseppi Dinelli assumed his labors as organist of the church on Sunday last. Mr. Edgar R. Doward will give a similar series of musical services at the Church of the Ascension during the season. These services should be more general in the other churches, as they forward not only the efficiency of the choirs, but stimulate congregational singing as well. METRONOME.

Mild Liquor.

A traveler, riding horseback along a lonely road in Texas, was startled by what seemed to be a violent commotion. He rode into the woods and there came upon a man who stood striking a large trunk with a hammer.

"What are you doing?" the traveler demanded.

"Trying to break into this trunk," the fellow answered.

"What do you want to break into it for?"

"Want to rob it."

"Why, you trifling scoundrel, I'll arrest you right here."

"What for?"

"What for!" the traveler exclaimed. "For stealing that trunk."

"Didn't steal it."

"Then how did you get it?"

"Took it out of the house."

"Whose house?"

"Mine."

"Whose trunk is it?"

"Mine."

"Yours."

"That's what I said."

"Then why are you trying to break it open? Have you lost the key?"

"No."

"Why don't you unlock it then?"

"Because I want to rob it."

"You're a fool."

"Reckon you've hit it."

"I don't understand why a man should rob his own trunk."

"I do. A feller come along here this morning and gave me a quart of Mexican licker. I took the mild smerts and then slipped into the house and got this trunk. There ain't nothing in it but a hair lariat and a pair of cottonade britches, but I'm going to steal them and run away." He turned about and struck the trunk a terrific blow.

"Say, have you got any more of the licker? I need a drink."

"The bottle's by that tree."

The traveler dismounted and took several drinks. "Why, this is as pleasant and as mild as rain-water," said he.

"Help yourself."

"Thank you."

He took several more drinks and then rode away. He had not gone far when he turned into the woods and tied his horse. Then he went off a short distance, lay down behind a log and began to gaze at his horse. Pretty soon he got up steal hily, crept up to the horse, searched the saddle bags, mounted the animal and dashed away, looking back occasionally to see if he were pursued by a vigilance committee.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

The Drama.

Manager O. B. Sheppard of the Grand Opera House has furnished me with the following list of attractions, which are some of those he will present to the Toronto public during the coming season: Fanny Davenport, Casino Opera Company in Nadjy, Julia Marlowe, The Kendals, Rose Coghlan, Helen Dauvray, Duff Opera Company, Vernona Jarbeau, Rhea, Bostonians, Roland Reed, Rosina Vokes, Nat Goodwin, Janauschek, Emma Abbott, Mrs. Potter, Fantasma, E. A. Sothern, Little Lord Fauntleroy Company, Victoria Vokes, Joe Murphy, Jim the Penman Company, Said Pasha, Ada Rehan, The Wife Company, Carleton Opera Company, Evangeline, Haverley Minstrels, Paul Kauvar, W. J. Scanlan, Exiles, Twelve Temptations, G. P. Rowe.

•

Is it proper to measure Sampson's ability as an actor by his capacity to bring down the house?

•

Sarah Bernhardt, supported by M. Damala, will begin her season in New York at the end of November under Henry E. Abbey.

•

Mrs. Kendall, the famous English actress, is the youngest of twenty-two children, and comes of a family that has furnished seven generations to the stage.

•

Plondin, the rope walker, has wagered $20,000 that he will walk on a cable stretched from the top of the Eiffel tower to the dome of the main exhibition building, Paris, in less than five minutes.

•

It is estimated that 1,500 native actors are now idle in New York without any prospect of being employed, while several hundred English actors will land in the city within the next two months.

•

A certain Court Theater in Germany possesses a youthful and charming *premiere danseuse* in the person of Fraulein Giovanni. An incident which occurred during one of her recent appearances has created quite a flutter among the local gossips. A young military man in the stalls seemed to think that the generous applause which greeted the fair performer on the part of the spectators was hardly equal to the occasion, for, by degrees, he became so loud and demonstrative that the police officers in attendance were compelled to give him a gentle intimation to follow them into the inspector's room. Here matters took quite an unexpected turn. When the name and address of the culprit had been ascertained, he was warmly shaken by the hand and smilingly dismissed scot free, because it turned out that the lady whom he had so vigorously applauded was his mother.

•

Julian Magnus tells an amusing tale of the late E. A. Sothern's first knock-out by the public. He was playing Dundreary in a small town, whose regular play-goers plumed themselves on their imperturbable (therefore aristocratic) demeanor in the theater. A joker who lived in that town had just returned from New York and gravely put in circulation a hint that it was extremely unfashionable to laugh at comedians. The hint "took." Sothern played the first act in a frigid atmosphere. He could not understand it, but he called the company together before the second act and implored them to "pitch in and wake 'em up." They did their prettiest, but without perceptible result. Utterly beaten the great laugh-maker disconsolately dived into his dressing-room. Presently the manager of the house joined him.

"Shake! Ned, old boy," he exclaimed. "You're doin' great. Got 'em sure. Never seen a more delighted ordience."

"What!" was the comedian's dazed response. "Delighted be blowed! They haven't cracked a smile."

"Laugh, sir," replied the home manager. "I should hope not. There was one man that snickered and we bounced him afore he knowed what ailed him."

•

In view of the lack of knowledge among the general public as to the meaning of and difference between the various kinds of dramatic representation it may interest many to read the following definitions and descriptions given by a writer in the Detroit *Free Press:*

"In the subdivisions of the drama proper we find melodrama, farce, vaudeville and pantomime. Melodrama came into a kind of surreptitious existence by way of an evasion of the English laws which gave certain privileged theaters the exclusive right to perform tragedies and comedies. Originally the melodramas were plays without words, accompanied throughout by expressive music. They were performed in booths. From time to time, as the actors became emboldened extempore "gags" were introduced, and, by a process of accretion, regular dialogue was finally employed and the music was brought forward merely as an accompaniment to the action. Melodrama may now be accurately described as a serious play wherein the passion and development of characters are subordinate to plot and action; whereas tragedy is a drama in which plot and action are secondary to passion and development of character.

"It is hardly necessary, perhaps, to say of farce that it is humorous buffoonery, in which probability is outraged both in character and incident.

"Vaudeville is much misunderstood and often erroneously defined. It is even applied by the ignorant to the form of entertainment more generally known as the Variety show. Vaudeville had its origin in France. It takes its name from Vau de Vire, which was first a satirical song containing a keen, witty thought and applicable to some popular person or event. It was a lyric epigram invented in that part of Normandy called Vire and carried thence to Paris. Its next stage of development was that in which the writers of little comedies threw their keenest epigrams into verse. These verses might be sung to any air that would fit them and were called vaudevilles. The comic sketches through which they were scattered subsequently took the name.

"Pantomime—a drama without language—is probably the most ancient form of stage diversion. We are asked to believe that the most perfect and elegant kind of pantomime is the ballet, where the pantomimic action is interspersed with graceful dances."

Art and Artists.

A correspondent who takes an interest in Canadian art sends me from London, England, a few interesting items about Canadian artists working at present in that country. Mr. L. R. O'Brien's pictures were exhibited in McLean's Gallery, Haymarket, and were visited by many distinguished people, among whom were the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, Prince Christian, Lord Knutsford, Colonial Secretary, and Lady Knutsford, the Duke of Athole, Dowager Duchess of Buccleugh, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Sir Frederick and Lady Pollock, Sir Harford and Lady Brydges, Hon. Hugh Childers, Sir Chas. and Lady Tupper, Dowager and Lady Inchiquin, Sir Stafford and Lady Northcote, Lord and Lady Salton, Sir Donald Smith, Sir A. N. Birch, K.C.M.G., Sir C. H. Gregory, Dr. and Mrs. Rae, and other notables. One of his pictures, Indian Summer, was purchased by Lord and Lady Knutsford and given as a wedding present to the Princess Louise of Wales, who expressed her appreciation of it in the most flattering terms. His work received also many exceedingly complimentary notices from the press. Mr. O'Brien is now painting at Canterbury and intends spending the summer along the south coast of England, returning home in December.

•

Mr. Homer Watson, R. C. A., who is now painting in the neighborhood of London, has a good picture well placed in the Royal Academy and another in the New Gallery which was sold on the day of private view.

•

Another of our men, Mr. William Brymner, is sketching in Holland. We are, therefore, likely to have some interesting foreign pictures at our next winter's exhibitions.

•

Some of the members of the Ontario Society of Artists spent the civic holiday pleasantly at Strathallan, near Allandale, the country house of the president, Hon. G. W. Allan. They were met at the station by Hon. G. W. Allan and Mr. Harcourt Vernon and driven through a picturesque tract of country to their destination. At dinner they met the Lieut.-Governor, Sir Alex. Campbell, and, no doubt, satisfactorily adjusted any slight differences that may have remained between them since the unfortunate opening of their exhibition in May. During the afternoon the artists made little sketches of different parts of the estate which they presented to Mrs. Allan as souvenirs of the visit. The following were present: W. Revell, vice-president; R. F. Gagen, secretary, and Messrs. Hamilton McCarthy, F. L. Forster, W. A. Sherwood, M. Hannaford, Jas. Payne, Arthur Cox and W. D. Blatchley.

VAN.

Very Literal Obedience.

"People are always making fun of us Russians for taking things so literally," said a Russian major, in whose company Mr. David Ker was ascending the Dnieper, "and not without reason, I must admit. You remember that story you told me the other day about a man who had a china cup given to him as a model for a complete set, and finding that it had been cracked and mended, turned out the whole set cracked and mended in the same way? Well, I could find you half a dozen men in any Russian town you like who would do the same thing themselves."

"Very likely," said his companion, "though I doubt whether they would carry their literal obedience quite so far as did the American printer who was told to 'follow his copy,' and when the copy blew out of the window jumped after it and broke his leg."

"Well, I can match even that," laughed the Major, much amused. "Did you ever hear how the telegraph line between St. Petersburg and Peterhoff was left unofficered? Well, you know there the electric wires were laid we used to telegraph in the old fashion, by signals, and all along Peterhoff road there were signal stations planted just within sight of each other, and at each station a clerk with strict orders to repeat exactly any signal made by his right or left hand neighbor. One day the first clerk on the line, in a fit of despair at having lost all his money, hanged himself to the nearest telegraph pole. His next neighbor seeing this took it for a signal, and instantly strung himself up in like manner, and the end of it was that all the clerks on the line hanged themselves in rotation."

"Well," remarked his companion, "that's no worse than the story of the order sent from Pekin to the authorities of a great Chinese town commanding that a certain native merchant should be 'hung up in his counting house,' and then after his execution somebody discovered that the words should have been translated 'suspended in his office.'"—*Yankee Blade.*

A Unique Proposal.

There is in Washington a young typewriter, whose good looks and charming manners justify the sentiments which her employer feels towards her. He is in the habit of dictating his correspondence, while her expert fingers transfix the words as he utters them. The other morning he concluded to end the uncertainty which had come into existence by asking her to marry him. She was engaged on some copying when he approached her and poured out his sentiments, and notwithstanding the warmth of his pleadings kept right ahead with the clickety, click, click of the instrument. In fact she paid so little attention to him that he became discouraged and left the room, intending to speak to her when her mind was free from her duties. He went to his lunch, and on his return sat down to sign a lot of letters that lay on his desk. There was a large pile and he went through it mechanically, until he struck a sheet near the bottom. Jumping to his feet he simply exclaimed: "Well, I'll be blowed!" The cold, glaring type-written letter before him read:

"MISS SUSIE—Maybe you'll think I'm an ass, but I ain't. I mean business. I know I don't happen to be very pretty, but I'd be good to a family. I was thinking that maybe you'd learn to like me if you'd go to church with me—and give the minister a few minutes' employment. And this ain't to save any salary either. It's because I want you for your— Say, you're not listening, are you? Well, I'll come in later when you ain't so busy."—*Washington Capital.*

Made Him Downhearted.

"It always sort o' makes me feel sad and downhearted to read about the prodigal son in the Bible," said Farmer Slikens to his male offspring who was home on his summer vacation.

"Y-a-a-s?"

"Yaws," echoed the old man as his lips curled contemptuously, "he came back and says honorable and flat-footed, 'I've done wrong an' I want another chance.'"

"Y-a-a-s?"

"Yaws; he didn't come back to the farm piessin' the very butterflies with the smoke from his sigereets an' say: 'Pops, ole boy, I'm dead broke; couldn't you let me have a twenty to keep up my end with the fels at the club?' Not much he didn't."

And the old man heaved a sigh and went out to feed the hogs.—*Merchant Traveler.*

The Leper Priest.

The late Father Damien of Molokai—Written after seeing his Portrait in "Saturday Night."

For Saturday Night.

As we gaze upon that picture,
Eloquent of self-reprovers,
With the eyes fixed so closely,
Clasped against the coble breast,

Back the years roll and the breezes,
Born of pestilential air,
From remote Pacific islands,
Bear the leper's anguished prayer.

Forth he goes at that petition,
Asking life and meeting death,
Such as wooed the household treasure,
From the home of Nazareth.

Thrills him, when 'mid hopeless hundreds,
Oh his mission moves serene,
All the love that filled the Saviour,
When to such He said "Be clean!"

And through years of toil and sorrow,
Moments like to rest finds he,
Such as solaced oft the Master,
In the home of Bethany.

Now, poor stricken priest, the cup
That may not pass is offered thee,
"Brother," pleads the Man of Sorrows,
"Drink it to the dregs with Me!"

Lonely vigils, bitter anguish,
Set the martyred spirit free:
Glorious the resurrection
Waiting on that Calvary!

•

As the lingering angels requiem
Sing above that sainted clay,
From the Holy Spirit's temple,
Speed the leprous stains away.

Ah! if love we bear to mortals
E'er we're tending to the skies,
Would we on the judgment morning
As the Leper Priest arise?

—*Idris.*

* It is said that after death no traces of leprosy were discernible.

M. D. is the Office—Doctor's Gone.

For Saturday Night.

Throw physic to the dogs,
(Lord help the dogs, I'm thinking!)
Fracture all ties and clogs,
And set the bells a-tinking—
We've had a drug of woes
Men die—there's mortar be;
So let us diagnose
This case with rare *esprit.*

A body soon they form
(A very common trick
If rumor don't suborn
These servants of the sick),
And though of many schools,
Bad blood, nor spleen, nor bile
Mars not the way—peace rules
In true Pacific style.

Not by the heal-and-toe
The gay physicians went
To work their weal or woe
Across the continent.
But safe per C. P. R.
Passed every learned sage
To famous Banff afar—
A famous pill-grinage!

Cut rates there may have been,
But 'tis a trifling feat
When such array is seen
For one of 'em to treat—
And doubtless in such case
The train pulled safely through—
May not the red-man dare
To scalp tickets and "meds." too.

Mid wives and all they go,
Prepared for chance emergency
(With so many berths, you know,
There's apt to be an urgency),
Though bottled up so long,
At last their pleasure's taken.
May the dose be good and strong
And, by the way, unsh ken.

In Banff's all-healing springs
May each one wash away
The fee-v'rish taint that clings
About their grouser clay.
And if at Devil's Lake
The spirit shows—don't doubt it,
They'll exorcise—"What'll you take?"
And make no bones about it.

ED. W. SANDYS.

Maud Taylor.

[Drowned at Pembroke, on July 23, by stepping off a train which stood on a bridge over the Alumette river.]

For Saturday Night.

A little child and fair, of summers ten,
Stood in the darksome midnight's solemn hour
On the dark platform of a standing train,
Which, high in air upon the trestle bridge
Awhile did rest.

And she, dear child, in faith
That she had reached the goal at which her friends
With kindly eyes and outstretched arms stood glad
To bid her welcome to their midst, stepped out
Of all fear free.

Below the river flowed,
In sunlight dancing bright, but now all cold,
All dark, and awesome to the thoughts of child.

A splash, a cry, and all was still again!
She greeted not the friends she looked to see,
But brighter forms came round, and she, with songs,
Through those same waters, deep, and dark, and chill,
Was taken to her Heavenly Father's arms.

SHAX.

The King's Diary.

"Rien," he wrote, because it chanced that day
There was no hunt and no new mistress gone;
All else was nothing to the man who wore
The crown which once the brows of Hugh Capet
Had ached beneath, eight centuries away.
Since then what well-beloved and hated more
Had worn it lightly, or with anguish sore,
Some strong to rule and many bu' to slay.

"Nothing!" And, while he wrote the seasless word,
The tocsin rang in Paris; the human flood
Poured onward raging till it came where stood
The Bastile. Soon the foolish King had heard
How prone it lay. Behold his aimless wit:
He and his kingdom were as he had writ.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, *in The Century.*

Of Course, Only a Hint.

He—Talking about names, I wish I could get ming changed. I think it is too ugly for anything.

She (enthusiastically)—Oh, I don't. I think it is just lovely!

Noted People.

Mr. Stead, formerly editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, contemplates visiting the United States to study American journalism.

Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain is enthusiastically declared by the London correspondent of a Boston exchange to be "the most popular woman the United States has yet sent to Europe."

Julian Hawthorne is nearly six feet tall and looks like an athlete. His sister, Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, is a very small woman, with a tiny, childish face, surrounded by fluffy auburn hair. The two are the only living children of their father, though there was another daughter, a very handsome girl, who died in England a number of years ago of a very distressing malady.

Samuel J. Tilden had a marvelous memory. A friend who was with him at the time says that while sitting at the side of the casket in which the body of Horace Greeley reposed Mr. Tilden recounted the deathbed scene, with date and place and minute circumstance, of every President and Vice-President of the United States. All the facts he related were afterwards verified without exception.

Dom Pedro seems to bear a charmed life, for neither potions nor pellets can finish him. His recovery from his severe illness last year was a surprise to those who knew him best, and recently he has had the luck to escape the assassin's bullet, for we hear that as he was leaving the theater at Rio de Janeiro, the other night, a Portuguese fired a revolver at His Majesty of Brazil, "who, however, was not injured."

Here is a pretty story of Senor Sagasta, the Spanish prime minister. Coming out from the parliamentary sittings the other day, he saw a poor little girl in the street crying. He immediately fished some bon-bons out of his pocket and gave them to the child, who left off her sobs, and smiled her thanks as she ate them. The friends who were walking with the great statesman exclaimed: "Now, Senor, if only you would be induced to give your political foes a few *douceurs*, that way, to quiet their outcries!" "Oh, dear," said Sagasta, quaintly, "I should have to buy up a whole confectioner's shop, in order to satisfy my enemies!"

Young Alexander of Servia decidedly starts under great disadvantages in his parentage. There is not a meaner or more unscrupulous creature on earth than the ex-King Milan, and though Queen Nathalie is made of better stuff, she is bad-tempered and obstinate, and carries under the veil of civilization a good deal of the barbarism of the true Tartar. Under there circumstances, if the principle of heredity is worth anything, young Alexander ought to start as a rather poor and ill-conditioned sort of cub. If he should turn out better than this he will deserve congratulation, and so will Servia. At present, however, the salient point about his character is that he shows an altogether regrettable love of flattery, of which, of course, he gets as much as he will swallow, which is a very large order.

The lengths to which aristocratic English ladies and gentlemen go in charitable work is shown in the following paragraph from an English paper: "A party of fashionable ladies and gentlemen, among whom were the Marchioness of Bristol, Miss Maxwell, and the Ladies Harvey, were to be seen one night last week parading the neighborhood of Belgravia in true vagabond fashion. They were attired in the very shabbiest of clothes, and carried in their hands guitars and mandolins. They were evidently on money-making bent, for they made most touching appeals to passers-by for coppers, and paid most generously for what they received, by filling the streets through which they passed with strains of music of all sorts, from nigger ditties to classic Italian melodies. The party attracted considerable attention from the unusual nature of its musical ability, but very few suspected who these beggars of high degree really were. It seems that the same party always devotes one evening in the year to thus raising an honest penny for the Hospital Saturday Fund."

A very funny instance of a work of art being used for the purposes of advertising occurred some years ago in Paris. Mires, the enterprising Hebrew millionaire, was at that time at the height of his fame, and the owner—with Emile de Girardin and others—of two or three of the most audacious daily papers, which distinguished themselves by their terrible attacks on the government of the day, and especially on the poet, Lamartine, who, like Gladstone, was of so susceptible a nature that every arrow wounded him to the quick. At length, fairly goaded to madness, Lamartine sent for Mires, and begged and implored him to desist, promising to do everything in his power for him if he would only stop this withering fire of stinging witticisms for a season. The wily Israelite was of course vastly amused by the sensitiveness of the poet-politician, but after reflecting for a few minutes, made the following proposition: "I will pledge you my word that your name shall not be even mentioned in my paper for a period of three months on one condition." "Granted beforehand!" exclaimed the enraptured bard. "I want you to make me a present of that splendid full length statue of yourself, speaking in the Chamber, which has just been executed. I merely ask you for this present as a token I can show my friends that all enmity between us has ceased!" Lamartine gladly consented to this seemingly friendly proposition, and the following morning the immense statue of the orator, standing with defiant right arm outstretched, as he appealed in eloquent and well rounded periods to his fellow deputies, was sent round to Mires' office, but alas, alas! the crafty Hebrew had concocted a most diabolical plan, and having hired a site directly opposite the door of his office, had the statue erected there in such a position, that the outstretched arm pointed to the bureau, and then underneath it he had inscribed in large letters, "*Abonnez en face!*" (Subscribe opposite!) Lamartine almost had a fit when he heard of this, but Mires found the trick answer admirably, and subscriptions came pouring in, for who could resist the imperious eloquence of that extended arm!

"A Jingle of Bells out of Tune."

We heard it said the other day—and we speak on the authority of a retired officer of the Imperial army—that the great powers of the earth were ripe for a European war, and that war was imminent. Being something of a dreamer, theoretically we transport ourselves to the centers where these men congregate, the soldiers on whom the onus of war falls, literally speaking the power and strength, behind the throne, of these nations who decree war with all its attendant horrors. And first of all we harken to the best and bravest of his kind, the acme of all that is brave and good in active warfare, tried and proved metal—our British soldier. The tempera ture up in the 80's, and these men in barrack undress. A group of them are speaking phlegmatically, not as if it concerned themselves vitally, of the probable and possible termination (both widely divergent) of such an event, meantime brushing and polishing up uniforms, going through routine drill with that bull-dog pertinacity (we cannot find a better way of expressing it) which distinguishes them from their fellows, and still with the evident determination in all their actions to do or die.

In Germany we see much smoking of pipes and drinking of lager. Jokes of a flippant and mildly philosophical order of wit come to us, which might be termed blasphemous in a less philosophical land, and under it all a look of evidently stolid resolution to do their best for fatherland, and so act according to the best instincts of their training. This is expressed in the true German physique.

In France we see a gaily dressed ejaculatory, gesticulating crowd wherever we see a soldier in the uniform of the Republic. He, meanwhile rising to the occasion as becomes a true citizen of a volatile nation, talking with an air of valor as to his words and bitterly revengeful feeling as to the Germans, boastfully, loudly, fiercely delivering his sentiments, and this still with an eye to his boots and the superfine fit of his clothing, verily, as Voltaire said, "a mixture of tiger and monkey."

In Russia, the land of the Czars, the land of a down-trodden race, we see silence and watchfulness, with the piteous patience of serfdom for generations expressed in their faces and attitudes. If, in the flash of an eye, a quick observer can distinguish a more active feeling it is as suddenly extinguished, and still the cry of all serfdom is, must be, "Victory for the Czar, our Father! Long live the Czar!" And crashing, ringing, clanging, with all the energy of despair, is this "jingle of bells out of tune."

The sun is setting behind a dark, thunderous-looking cloud. A rose-tinted light surrounds this cloud, and as we look the sun finally disappears, sending bright streaks of light over the opal hued heavens, both sky and cloud betoken a storm fierce and wild. The sudden quiet which comes to all nature in other words the portentous hush which ushers in a battle of the elements, is on all things, when from the tower above us rings out in sorrowful, warning monotone the clang of a huge bell ringing out so discordantly and harshly that we know that it rings in war, war to the land. War in all its horrors, war in all its bitter reality, legalized murder in all its forms. Mothers writhing in agony at this horrible decree of nations, kneel and pray to God to avert the doom of a childless home; fathers more calmly await what the future has in store for them, but nothing can deafen the sound of this bell ringing in, as it were, the sound of a nation in mourning.

> "And there were sudden partings such as press
> The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
> Which ne'er might be repeated."

And still and above all rang out the hoarse tones of this bell, intermingled with another jingle of bells out of tune. These bells say "what matter if war spreads death and desolation to the land; victory and glory are before us, and the stain on a nation's honor must be wiped out at all cost to private individuals." Surely in this enlightened and progressive age no rulers of nations should have the right or power to consign the flower of a land to a bloody grave, on a mere question, as it often is, of a breach of etiquette between monarchs or their representatives. If it is right, then is there no justice between man and man! And so we listen to this jingle of bells out of tune.

Bellamy's millenium, which is to come to the world in about 125 years and which he so plausibly describes to us in his book Looking Backwards, sets in tune many bells that are now a veritable jingle, and we find ourselves wishing sometimes that it were possible for us to be asphyxiated somewhat after the manner of his hero, and that revivification could only take place after a century or so had rolled over our unconscious heads, and that this blessed time of which he speaks, in which peace, happiness and content was established as a *fait accompli*, and not merely a hope for future years, had come. For surely progression must be the desideratum most in view in our treadmill journey through life and how can progression and its doctrines be more faithfully propagated than by abolishing war, which had its origin in the latent brutality of man's uncivilized and most carnal passions. And as we listen the clang of this bell still rings on, telling us of sorrows we cannot alleviate and the "jingle of other bells" comes to us again, saying: What though glory and the pride of victorious nations may send for an instant a glow of feverish loyalty through our veins, and for a time may seem to obliterate some of the traces of the consequences of war from our minds, yet all through the land there is this moan of "Rachel weeping" for her children. Parents weep for the sons who will never return, wives for their husbands, sisters for their brothers, and meanwhile the victorious monarch sends his or her sympathy to the afflicted ones, and "bells jingle out of tune" in the ears and against the hearts of these people whose rulers have decreed that "nation shall rise against nation."

Above and through all is this deep booming sound, calling the nation to arms, indifferent alike to all tears shed, all breaking hearts, indifferent we may say to all laws of civilization, humanity and morality, this bell rings in war hideous in the evils that it entails on mankind in so many different forms; often a questioning as to why a merciful God should inflict such utter misery on his people, and this where before was unquestioning faith. And on what does the balance of power rest as to these hideous massacres, which modern battles really are in these days of ultra-scientific weapons. In many cases a petty slight between monarchs constitutes the grievous wrong by which nations are thrown into mourning, in grief insupportable. In some instances it has been caused by undue zeal or interference displayed by some court favorite. Sometimes a mere question of precedence between monarchs and war, in all its unreasoning brutality rises in the land. Might is right. It is only a question of numbers. Old time bravery and God-like courage, as was displayed in the Charge of the Noble Six Hundred, under Lord Cardigan, is now in this age of mitrailleuse, chassepots and rifling guns an obsolete fact, and regarded in this very practical nineteenth century with a sort of good humored, skeptical curiosity.

We remember a few lines from Childe Harold:

> "And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
> Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
> Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
> Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
> Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
> Which now beneath them but above shall grow
> In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
> Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
> And burning with high hope, shall molder cold and low.
>
> The thunder clouds close o'er it, which when rent
> The earth is covered thick with other clay,
> Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
> Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!"

In view of war and all the utter misery that war entails (the misery that it includes not being of necessity a question of sentiment), we cannot refrain from going back to the antediluvian idea of arbitration, and asking why it were not possible to make such a scheme feasible, or even by deciding the disputes between nations by some such display as was exhibited in our sister country, when Sullivan and Kilrain fought one another for a mere question of money and the glory in this case of being considered best man. Surely a hideous and demoralizing spectacle, considering the motive. Would it be an utterly impracticable idea for all nations to have trained men for the purpose, somewhat after the manner of the gladiators of old, who fought in ancient Rome for the amusement and edification of an "ennuye emperor?"

Callous lookers on say that were it not for war the world would be over populated—it is a natural consequence and works its own cure. But how many parts of the world are there still unpopulated? Our great lone land and its resources, still unknown, would afford ample room for the surplus population of any nation, city, not to speak of other "great lone lands" equally situated.

I feel in all humility that my feeble pen is only too inadequate to picture faithfully to my readers the widespread misery and unhappiness accruing from a bloody conflict between nations, and I would like my readers not to look on my article on this matter merely as an exercise to be corrected in the way of grammatical construction or imperfect diction—both of a very poor order of merit, we perfectly understand—but to pass over all that in a big-hearted manly way and consider the point at issue.

In conclusion I sincerely hope that the day is not far distant when the total extinction of war may be an established fact, and not merely (as I said before) an "undefined dream for unknown years," and I hope that we may be permitted to look down from a higher and (I will pray) a happier sphere—or, as Sir John Macdonald once remarked, that we may "look down from aloft," like little cherubs blowing their trumpets and with cheeks fearfully and wonderfully distended, on peace, plenty and content, and that the "jingle of bells," now ringing inharmoniously, may rise to us but faintly, and that even as we listen for them they may altogether die away.

> "Ring out the thousand wars of old,
> Ring in the thousand years of peace."

MARIE STUART.

ORANGEVILLE, July 30, 1889.

Notable Folks at Whaley's Corners.

BY OUR FAT MAN.

Whaley's Corners have become well-known during the past year owing to the contagion of diphtheria which carried off so many of the young people in so short a time, and thinking the moment opportune I have decided to assume the role of the historian, and deal with the life-work of some prominent men who reside at the Corners. This little cross-roads village, with a population of 85, has produced some wonderful men, who would assuredly have gained a world-wide fame were it not that a strong love for home, which all must admire in this cynical age, kept them plodding away in the furrows and summer-fallows at Whaley's Corners.

JOSHUA ELLIOTT.

Old man Elliott is one of the most remarkable men of his day. That he has a large concourse of grandchildren, and that certain of his many virtues and gifts may be perpetuated in these is the one budding blossom on the desert of despair recently caused by the announcement that he had suffered a severe stroke of paralysis. Old man Elliott has tendered advice more or less valuable to four generations of Whaleyites—and every good-living man in the vicinity is said to have been a hearkener to the old man's pious pleadings. He officiated as chairman in the old Orange hall on every public occasion, and so long and uninterruptedly has he graced the position without any rival presuming to dispute his rights, that I firmly believe were another to sacrilegiously usurp his place the venerable walls of the building would tumble down in the very violence of their indignant astonishment. So persuaded am I of this, that should the present stroke of paralysis prove fatal to him, I will most carefully avoid attending the next gathering of whatsoever sort therein held.

Old man Elliott has attended every tea-meeting, wedding, fire and funeral in the neighborhood for upwards of fifty years. How he does wag his shiny old head during a marriage ceremony, and how sedulously does he seek to reduce the contracting parties to a proper sense of the seriousness of their respective obligations. How retentive does his memory prove itself as he relates the sad after-life of other wedded couples, auspicious as the outlook seemed at the ceremony. And a greater mental exploit follows as he relates word for word the advice he tendered them, which, alack and alas! went unheeded. Yet the sly maids of the section know full well the old man's pregnable point, and when the wedding feast is spread they make his plate the bonded warehouse for all the most select and delicious morsels. His unpleasant reminiscences seldom survive the meal, and his life-long habit of an after-dinner *siesta*, removes him from a scene where his presence serves as a kill-joy.

At a fire he gives never-ending orders to a host of imaginary followers, and as he explains next day and for months to come, if his advice had only been followed "poor Blank wouldn't this day be a houseless an' humless beggar, poor man." But at a funeral he is an especially great man. With what a spirit of Christian self-denial he has always left his work, arrayed himself in the garb of sympathy and walked over to "comfort the afflicted." How he moderates his tones to sombre sadness and presists in sitting up with the remains first night. Next day he superintends the grave digging and assists the village carpenter to make the coffin, and selects the trimmings himself. Towards evening he hitches up his horse and drives to the nearest town to get a coffin-plate engraved with name and age of deceased, likewise an appropriate text or stanza of a hymn. How often has he screwed down and unscrewed the coffin-lid, and hopefully explained the dire malady which cut off the dear departed in the midst of a useful life. Moreover, he excels as a neat expressor of sympathy for the sorrowing widow, and she always looks upon him as her mainstay and support. How fervently doth he interlaud the burial service with resonant "Amens," and what glowing obituary notices doth he indite for the nearest country paper, concluding invariably with the pious assurance that "he died in the full hope of a glorious resurrection." What grand lessons, too, has he drawn from the death of each neighbor; and how earnestly has he urged these lessons upon others at the weekly prayer meeting, with a violence of gesture and a forceful utterance peculiarly his own.

Old man Elliott made one mistake—the only one he ever admitted without attaching thereto an appendix of extenuating circumstances—he settled down as a farmer, when his father desired, and his natural talents indicated plainly, that he should enter the ministry. He frankly admits that the millenium has been indefinitely postponed by this error, for which he is sincerely penitent.

PEDAGOGUE DIMICK.

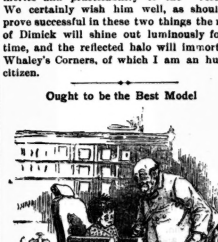
Half a mile east of the Corners is situate the red frame school house, where wisdom is dispensed by Dominie Dimick at a salary of $325 per annum. Surrounded by an old board fence and a yard trampled hard as stone by the young feet of a now bald-headed generation, the old school stands, but within its walls, on an elevated platform sits a man of wonderful parts. What makes the village schoolmaster a man among a thousand, is not his prominent nose standing out sharp, as though threatening to descend and cut a jagged roadway through his heavy red whiskers to the bosom of his checkered flannel shirt. Nor is it, as the reader may suppose, his exalted station in life that makes him an object of veneration to the section and a perpetual source of satisfaction to himself. Brain! It is brain that distinguishes him. He is the inventor of perpetual motion—he has it locked up in a private room in his house and is trying to procure capital to introduce it. Electricity is the agent used. To be sure the invention is not quite perfect yet, but it is so nearly so that he expects to finish it before the summer holidays are over. Of a summer afternoon the women folks often call upon Mrs. Dimick in a most confidential and insinuating manner, but the good lady has never shown them through the private room. In preserving his secret, Mr. Dimick even went the remarkable length of refusing to show it to Old Man Elliott, who called for the express purpose of investigating it.

Nor is perpetual motion Dominie Dimick's sole claim to distinction. During the summer of 1882 considerable damage was done crops in the vicinity of Whaley's Corners by sudden heavy and unexpected rains during harvest. Mr. Dimick was sore distressed at this, and after laborious thought corralled an idea on the broad plain of his intelligence. He called a meeting of farmers in his school house on Friday evening, and bared the inspiration for general inspection. He exhibited a model and explained it. In order to escape the heavy rains which had wrought such ruin during the past year he thought it would be advisable to build two immense windmills, one on each side of the section, four miles apart, after the pattern of the model. These were mills to be composed of a high tower and three enormous fans, placed at a great height, which could be set in motion whenever clouds were seen approaching from either direction, and drive them back, thus escaping the rain. The motive power could be secured by steam or horses. A subscription list was at once opened and all contributed liberally, so that $73.50 was raised without leaving the room. When the sum had finally reached $122 work was commenced on the mill at the west side, and it rose rapidly. After a time faith and funds both began to dwindle, and the scheme was abandoned, much to its originator's disgust. I do not know the exact height of the unfinished tower, but the schoolmaster of the adjoining section says it is "the height of folly." Of a Sunday afternoon it is a popular and healthy recreation for the young people of Whaley's Corners to walk over to this miniature tower of Babel and watch the clouds hurry past as though aware of the sinister purpose of its erection. Dominie Dimick's "rain refuser" was not a financial success, but it made its inventor famous far and near. He says now that when he sells his perpetual motion invention he will invest a fraction of the proceeds in proving the great merits and practicability of the "refuser." We certainly wish him well, as should he prove successful in these two things the name of Dimick will shine out luminously for all time, and the reflected halo will immortalize Whaley's Corners, of which I am an humble citizen.

Not So Far Astray.

Jack—Won't 'oo take me to dance, mamma?
Mother—Oh, you can't dance, Jack.
Jack—Yes, I can dance, and my way's better dan your way, cos I dance alone, and you has to be holded up.—*Once a Week.*

Ought to be the Best Model



Herr Kutt (the barber)—Vell, young mens! Vot shtyle do you vant your hair cut!
Tommy Tomkins—Same style as yours!—*Puck.*

Two of a Kind.

A Boston gentleman has a rather uneven gait, a trouble with the tendons of one of his legs necessitating the lifting of one foot higher than he does the other when walking. Whatever inconvenience this trouble occasions, he is not prone to brood over his defective gait; on the contrary, he very frequently jokes about it. Not long since a horse owned by a friend met with an accident in the way of a strain, and a pronounced case of stringhalt is the result. Our high-stepping acquaintance met this friend while the latter was out driving, and noticing the animal's peculiarity, said: "Look here——, what will you take for the horse? I see he has acquired my gait."—*Boston Budget.*

Explained It.

Teacher—Now, Betty, can you tell me the meaning of the word professor?

Betty—Oh, yessum! Professor is them as rides on four horses in the circus and goes up in balloons.

Of the Masculine Gender.

"Pa," inquired Bobby, "what is a phenomenon?"

"A phenomenon, my boy," replied the old man, "is a person who excels or is remarkable in some special way."

"Is phenomenon, pa, of the masculine or feminine gender?"

"It is of the masculine gender almost every time."

Lord Elwyn's Daughter

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXI.

The new Lord Elwyn was dead. He had been shot through the heart by no accident, but of deliberate intent and purpose; and his murderer was the new under-keeper.

There had been no mistake or concealment about it. Deliberately and in the sight of all who had been present—of Sir Adrian Deverell, of Burgess, and of the lad who followed with the game-bags—the man, who carried his master's second gun, had pointed it at his victim's breast, and had killed him dead on the spot; then he had flung away the weapon; and, whilst, with cries of horror and dismay, all present had rushed to the help of the unfortunate man and had surrounded his prostrate form, the murderer had run away with all his might across the fields.

Before night however, the alarm having quickly spread, and a right-eous horror and dismay filling the hearts of all who heard of the catastrophe, large bodies of police had turned out, whilst the common people, armed with staves and ropes, volunteered to help in the search. The country was scoured, and Tom Darley, who was found hiding in a wet ditch, was, after a desperate struggle, secured, and ere long safely lodged in the county jail at Clorchester, there to await his trial for murder.

Great as was the consternation, deep as was the horror, that fell alike upon high and low on learning the terrible news, to no one did the blow come home with a more fearful significance than to the unhappy Kathleen.

In the first dreadful moments of suspense and uncertainty she had not known whether it was the man who was dearest to her on earth who had fallen beneath the murderer's hand; and it was with a sense of heartfelt thankfulness that she saw the tall form of Sir Adrian enter the house from the darkness without.

The frightened ladies stood huddled together in the hall, with a crowd of half-hysterical servants behind them, awaiting the return and coming of the master who had gone forth in the morning sunshine well and strong and unsuspicious of his fate.

When Adrian entered the house, Lucille had sprung at his neck and Lady Elwyn had burst into tears whilst wringing his hands; but Kathleen had to stand aside and conceal the unspeakable relief which his appearance caused her. But, this feeling of thankfulness once over, she became immediately a prey to the most intense remorse. Of course, if it had been Adrian, it would have been worse; but, even as it was, it was bad enough. For Alfred Elwyn had perished at the hands of her low-born lover—and it was she herself who had given him up to his murderer!

This doubtless was the meaning of the feverish questions that Tom Darley had put to her only a few days before; this horrible and brutal murder it was which had been teaming in his brain when he had demanded so peremptorily of her which of the two men it was who stood in her way—Adrian. And she, poor girl, had never ceased to alarm her, although his long past words of vengeance and retaliation had, like a presentiment of evil, been burnt into her soul—she had been so blind and so short-sighted that she had not taken warning or perceived the full import of what he was saying to her!

Even that morning, she told herself, with heart-rending self-reproaches—even that morning, had she used her common sense, she might have averted the evil. This new under-keeper—whom she had rightly guessed to be the same about whom Burgess had spoken to his friend in her hearing—who else could he have been save the man who had tried for the same place in vain during her father's life-time? Did she not remember now—now, when it was too late—how Tom Darley had offered himself for this very situation years before Tom first came to Clortell Towers, and how her father, at her special request, had refused it to him? How blind, how short-sighted, then had she been not to recognize Tom's identity in the man who had just been appointed? If she had taken the trouble to put all these things together, the truth would have dear as daylight to her. But she had seen nothing; and she had given up poor Alfred to his enemy. It seemed to her that she was morally guilty of his death.

The next few days were a period of mental torture to her. Even the news of Tom's capture only aggravated her misery; for here, it seemed to her, was another victim doomed to a shameful death through her—through her only! The horrible misfortunes which she had brought upon the men who loved her preyed upon her to an inconceivable degree. All night long she lay sleepless and tearless upon her bed, her heart racked with mental anguish and her head with physical pain.

The day of the inquest was a very terrible one at Clortell Towers. A pall of woe and mourning seemed to have fallen upon the beautiful old house, and every soul within it moved and lived as under the oppression of a terrible weight.

A great many of the neighboring gentry gathered at the house in order to hear the inevitable verdict of the Coroner's jury—"Willful murder against Thomas Darley, keeper." It was a foregone conclusion that it should be so given; but Kathleen very nearly fainted when she heard of it.

The ladies were sitting by themselves in a darkened room. Suddenly Kathleen staggered to her feet and followed Sir Adrian, who had brought them the news, out of the room.

"Did you not say that the Duke of Cawthorn is here?"

"Yes, miss."

"Will you ask his Grace to come and speak to me at once, please, Simpkins?" she said, feverishly.

In a very few minutes the old Duke, looking most grave and solemn, and followed by Sir Adrian, came at her summons.

"My dear," he said kindly, taking the girl's extended hands in his, "I was just coming to find you. My poor child, how ill you look! All this has been too much for you! Deverell, I must take this poor child away from this ill-fated house. We cannot permit her to go through the ordeal of a second funeral, can we?"

"It will certainly be kind of you, Duke. I wish you would take her. Was that what you were going to ask of the Duke, Kathleen?"

"Oh, no! Oh, Duke, you are a great man—a man that have some influence with people surely! You can save this poor man's life if you will! I entreat—I implore you to do all you can to save him!"

The Duke looked at her in amazement; and even Adrian could scarcely believe he heard her rightly.

"My dear Kathleen, what can you mean! Surely you cannot be alluding to the cold-blooded brutal murderer of my poor friend—to the inhuman wretch who would like a dog than a man, for no cause or offence deliberately shot your father's cousin? You cannot, my dear, be suggesting mercy for such a wretch as that?"

"Yes, yes, Duke—it is what I do mean. You may think it strange, but Tom Darley is one of my oldest friends. Oh, do not turn away from me!"—for the Duke, with an uncontrollable shudder, dropped her hands and recoiled from her. "I was brought up in the village where he lived; he knew me as a child. He is wicked, I know; but I do most firmly believe that his brain is affected, and that he is not responsible for his actions; and—and, if he is hanged, it will be my fault—my fault—just as it is my fault that poor Alfred has been killed!"

"For Heaven's sake, Kathleen," cried Adrian, in great distress, "do not talk like that! You cannot know what you are saying! It is dreadful that you should identify yourself with this foul murder!"

Kathleen burst into a passion of hysterical tears.

"Her mind is evidently unhinged by all that has happened," said the Duke, in a low voice to Adrian. "I would get her away from this place, if I were you, and put her under a doctor's care. But he did not again offer to take her with him. He was inexpressibly shocked and scandalized by her appeal, and turned away coldly and stiffly from the girl who could plead for mercy for the murderer of her cousin, who, if report said truth, had, moreover, been destined to become her husband.

Adrian was left with the weeping girl.

"Oh, Kathleen, what have you done?" he cried sorrowfully. "You have alienated your only friend by what you have said. How wrong—how foolish of you! And how cruel—you want that wretched man to be saved from his most richly merited doom?"

"Do you want me to have two deaths—his as well as Alfred's—upon my conscience?" she cried wildly.

It seemed to Adrian that she raved; he could not understand it. He tried to soothe her as if she had been a child, entreating her not to cry, and stroking her hands tenderly.

"How can such a thing be, my dear!" he asked her gently.

At length she checked her tears and looked up into his face.

"I wonder you too are not shocked and disgusted with me. It sounds dreadful, no doubt; but the Duke of Cawthorn does not know my history, and even you can scarcely understand it. For some years of my life I was very fond of Tom Darley. I looked upon him as a kind elder brother, and he looked upon me as his future wife. If a man sends his child to be brought up amongst farmers and villagers, and she believes herself to be one of them, how is it possible that such complications can be avoided? Tom Darley loved me dearly; it is jealousy that has driven him mad. I was always afraid that he would be revenged on any man whom he fancied I cared for; and, when he asked me, only three days ago, I told him with my own lips that Alfred was the man who wanted to marry me and who stood in his light—do you understand?—I told him, knowing very well as I said the words that he would very probably do some dreadful thing to him!"

"Why did you tell him, Kathleen?" whispered Adrian, an expression of horror creeping into his eyes. "What made you? Why did you?"

"To save you—you," she answered—"because I loved you, and I didn't care for him! He was suspicious of you—I wanted to avert his suspicion; for, if he had known that I loved you, he would assuredly have murdered you instead of Alfred. Now do you understand when I say that I am guilty of his murder?"

Sir Adrian was very pale.

"Great heaven, this is terrible!" he murmured. He was appalled when he considered how easily Alfred's fate might have been his own—how small a chance Fate had saved him from being now stretched in the place of the murdered man. He began to perceive too what Kathleen's mental sufferings must be at the terrible result of her disinterested effort to save the man she loved, and how horrible must be the burden of her remorseful anguish.

"My poor child, it is enough to drive you mad!" he cried compassionately. "Your misery must indeed be great!"

"Adrian, will you help me to save that wretched man! You understand now what I feel. The Duke thought me only heartless and brutal; but you must see that, if his sentence could be softened—if he could be prevented from—which I verily and truly believe him to be—then I should at any rate not have his blood upon my head as well as poor Alfred's."

"I will do all I can, Kathleen, for the sake of your peace of mind and to ease you of this horrible remorse; but, if I fail, you must not be surprised."

"Oh, Adrian, how good you are!"

"You must promise me to do what I ask of you then, and to be patient."

"I will do everything you tell me," she answered humbly and gratefully.

When she had left him, Sir Adrian went into Lady Elwyn's morning-room. He found the Duke of Cawthorn sitting there with the two ladies, and at a glance he perceived that the Duke had been telling them of Kathleen's extraordinary request.

"Well," he heard Lady Elwyn exclaim as he entered the room, "I have certainly not got on very well with poor Edward's daughter; but I could never have credited her with such atrociously unnatural feelings!"

Sir Adrian looked at the ladies and their companion.

"Are you talking of poor little Kathleen?"

"My dear Adrian, do not waste your compassion upon that wretched girl! If you were to hear what the dear Duke has been telling us—"

"I know quite well. But, Lady Elwyn, the Duke does not know as I do how many excuses there are for the poor girl."

"Adrian always makes excuses for her," interpolated Lucille, in sweetly venomous tones.

"If I were at liberty to explain all, which I fear I may not do—"

Lucille laughed softly and scornfully.

"No, that is just it, my dear boy! You always know so much good of her, but you are never able to tell us about it."

"I confess," said the Duke, stiffly, "that Miss Elwyn's remarks have been a considerable shock to me. I was much interested in her and felt very sincerely for her; and her dear father, Lady Elwyn, as you well know, was one of my best friends. I shall do my duty to Kathleen with regard to the administration of her fortune; but I cannot continue to take an affectionate interest in a young woman who openly expresses a desire to save her cousin's murderer from his just doom;" and the Duke got up and shook Lady Elwyn's hand.

Adrian felt how unjust all this was, yet he was powerless to tell all he knew.

"She believes the man to be insane," he said.

The Duke rose; his hand contemptuously.

"Let her wait to see whether the jury will consider him to be so. A mere assumption of that kind found upon no reasonable basis is not sufficient to determine any sensible being to endeavor to arrest the course of justice. Miss Elwyn's mind, as I said before, appears to be unhinged; that is the best excuse that can be made for her. If you will take my advice, Lady Elwyn, you will place her in a doctor's family until she has recovered. Meanwhile of course I must withdraw my offer of taking her home with me. In justice to the Duchess, I could not venture on such a step. I have always hitherto considered her a charming girl."

"Ah, that is because you did not know her, Duke!" cried Lady Elwyn spitefully.

"Well, certainly I now see how easily one may be deceived, and that a pretty face and pleasing manners do not always coincide with high principles and right feeling. Good-bye, dear Lady Elwyn—and you too, Miss Lucille. I am very glad that you have decided to hasten your departure to London—in the circumstances it will be far better for you both;" and then the old gentleman went away.

After he was gone, Adrian made one more desperate effort to induce Lady Elwyn to take Kathleen up to Green street with her; but the attempt was ineffectual. Lady Elwyn was more bitter than ever against her step-daughter.

"She is a bad girl, Adrian—either bad or mad! I will have nothing to do with her!" she cried angrily; whilst Lucille laughingly suggested that the Duke's advice should be followed, and Kathleen be relegated to Doctor Grieves's care in Clorchester.

"Fat vulgar Mrs. Grieves would be as a mother to her, and perhaps one of those dreadful young Grieveses—the one with the squint, let us say—might marry her; and that would be a provision for her without any further bother."

Adrian was too angry even to notice these cruel remarks.

"It is certain that she cannot remain here—not another twenty four hours!" he said, more to himself than to the inhuman women who refused to befriend her. But what on earth was to become of her?

Another Lord Elwyn, upon whom the title had devolved with unexpected strangeness, was expected to arrive that night. This man was a very distant cousin whose changes of succession had been so remote that nobody in the family had ever taken the trouble to make his acquaintance. He was a poor man encumbered with a large family, and had been residing in a small foreign town for many years in order to live cheaply and to educate his children economically. Mr. Williams had his address, and telegraphed to him on the day of the murder. As he was a complete stranger, Lady Elwyn and Lucille had not unnaturally felt that it was unnecessary that they should meet him; and it was very certain that Kathleen, of whose birth and history he was in ignorance, could not be left behind to encounter this unknown cousin.

Lucille's cute, sharp and cold, broke in upon the painful meditation in which Adrian's perplexity concerning her fate had plunged him.

"Anyhow, Adrian, I really cannot see what concern of yours it is. What on earth are you constituting yourself her defender and guide?"

"Simply because she has not another friend on earth save myself!"

"It is most unsuitable that you should proclaim yourself to be her only friend; and, what is more, it is a very poor compliment to me—and I don't mind saying that I don't like it."

Adrian got up and crossed the room to Lucille's side; he sat down beside her, and, taking one of her hands, looked earnestly at her, and said, in a low voice:

"Lucille, this poor girl is, like yourself, an orphan. Will you not stand by her and help her? Will you not leave your aunt to go alone to Green street and stay with her and be a sister to her—if only for a week or two? And, when we are married, will you not second my most earnest desire that she shall find a home with us?"

He might as well have appealed to a stone for pity. Miss Maitland sprang angrily to her feet.

"No—I am certain that I will do nothing of the sort! What—take that wretched girl to live with us when we are married, so that you may amuse yourself by flirting with her from morning till night? Is it likely that I am going to be such a fool? And, as to leaving her aunt now, when she wants me so much and is alone in the world, it is perfectly ridiculous of you to suggest such a thing!"

Lady Elwyn, who had done her best to overhear what was passing between them, thought that she gathered enough from what she caught of Lucille's answer to guess what sort of proposition Adrian had been making to her. She called out from the other end of the room—

"Really I am sick to death of Kathleen Elwyn and her concerns! She has been thrust down our throats until we are tired of the very sound of her name! You can do no good by meddling her, Adrian. Surely enough, Lucille does not like it; and, if you go on in this absurd fashion, you will set people talking and they will say all sorts of unpleasant things about her and her connection with you. You are absolutely in no way related to her, and it is not at all proper that you should display so much interest in her. I really can't see either what all the fuss about her is for! The girl is left ridiculously rich—with money, people need never be without friends and acquaintances; she has her maid, and she has her money. For Heaven's sake, let her go up to London and look after herself, and don't let us be bothered any more about her!"

(To be Continued.)

Many a Truth Spoken in Jest.

Mr. Rich—What have you to support a wife on, Gus?

Gus—My life insurance.

Mr. Rich—That won't be paid until after you are dead.

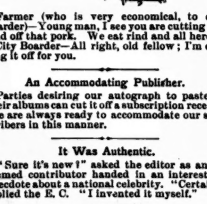
Gus—Well, I don't expect to see much life after I'm married.

One Level-Headed Girl.

Mr. Blaise—I know I'm not what the world calls a good man, Lucille, but I love you; and if you will marry me I swear I'll reform.

Lucille—If you love me, what's the matter with a reformatory, and save me the pains and expense?—*Judge.*

A Summer Hint.



Farmer (who is very economical, to city boarder)—Young man, I see you are cutting the rind off that pork. We eat rind and all here.

City Boarder—All right, old fellow; I'm cutting it off for you.

An Accommodating Publisher.

Parties desiring our autograph to paste in their albums can cut it off our subscription receipt. We are always ready to accommodate our subscribers in this manner.

It Was Authentic.

"Sure it's new?" asked the editor as an esteemed contributor handed in an interesting anecdote about a national celebrity. "Certain," replied the E. C. "I invented it myself."

Queer Attitudes.

To sit naturally before a camera to have a photograph taken is an art which requires considerable assurance or practice. In looking over albums you are constantly coming across the most extraordinary poses, the most astonishing expressions of countenance, the most melancholy grouping.

It is not the fault of the photographers; the sitters will have it so, and object to artistic arrangements. A food couple, for instance, imagine that a most picturesque and pleasing effect may be produced by Matilda sitting on a chair looking up to Henry, who leans poetically over her.

In social life nothing could be more idyllic than such an attitude; but in real life a particular subjection of light will not make Matilda look like a West Indian negress, nor will Henry's bowed head lead one to suppose that it is possible for a man's face to consist entirely of the parting of his hair.

A young man who tries to smile in an unembarrassed way fixes upon his paper likeness an agonized grin. One young lady, in the resolution to look uncommonly pleasing, comes out as though she had been just about to sneeze when her picture was taken. An elderly lady of large proportions, quite ignorant of the laws of the photographic perspective, insists upon sitting "so," and is represented like an elephant in a gown.

People with turn-up noses, with very long noses, with no noses to speak of, delight in sitting in profile. On the other hand, people decorated with four or five chins, and a corresponding amplitude of cheek, love to present their full faces.

A short man insists upon being taken standing. A tall man will cross his legs, desiring to appear as he does in reality, and by projecting his boot in the sphere of the lens, is depicted as the possessor of a foot that should make his fortune in a traveling booth.

In a Hammock.

I rock in the lazy hammock
Beside the lattice bower,
While daintily dance the shadows
Of the blue clematis stars.

And while I am in this shallow
With a pleasant book to read,
A vague mysterious something
My swinging doth impede.

My eye from a chastened lyric
I cast upon my neighbor,
Who is standing beneath the hammock
With parabolic spine.

He trembles and still he is rigid,
His photo-nerve is dazed,
Watching his caudal quiver
And his eye-balls shine and bulge.

For I know what a sweet sensation
Is through the dogfet shot,
When I agitate in jerking
Above him the proper spot.

And I know if I had the patience
He would stand there for days,
Till his back shone like the spotlet
Where my front hair used to wax.

—*Once a Week.*

It Affected the Baby's Parents Too.

Tom Bigbee—I heard your baby was troublesome. What ails it?

Walker Knight (wearily)—Insomnia.

He Was an Amateur.

Belle (at a military review)—I don't believe that officer in command has held his position long.

Bess—Why?

Belle—Listen—to him say "Present arms," instead of "Present huh."—*Yankee Blade.*

The Hotel Skiff.

A man with orange eyes thought he would take a girl with whom he had been playing tennis out for a row. So he engaged one of the public boats attached to the hotel. He had never used one of these boats before, and did not know that they weigh two hundred pounds apiece, without including the twelve pounds of paint put on every season.

He was also in blissful ignorance of the fact that no two oars connected with the establishment came within five pounds of each other in weight, or that the average weight of each was something like twenty pounds.

He got the girl into the skiff a little wary, and found the boat sailing about in a circle, he concluded that one oar was about seven pounds heavier than the other, and that it would be necessary for row much more gently on the heavy than on the light one to attain anything like a straight course.

The boat, to be sure, was not equipped with a rudder, and the girl would lean over to allow her lily fingers to trail in the water, and then the wind would come up and cause the waterlogged craft to head in a different direction.

To secure a straight course, it would require a mathematical calculation that no amateur could work out in his head, for he would have to consider the different weights of the girl, boat, and oars, as well as the force of wind, resistance of water, etc.

The man's orange eyes grew larger, while the oar handles took the palms, and occasionally cracked his knuckles like so many English walnuts.

It ought to have been consoling to him to know that the girl in the other boat was enjoying the row, and the beautiful surroundings.

"Oh, let's go over to that lovely island," she said.

He did his best to appear delighted with the idea, but his orange eyes began to dilate, and his heart felt as worn as his cut-bruised knuckles. But he started for the island, which seemed three or four hundred feet distant, when, in reality, it was about two rods off. This is the apparent lack of distance that lent enchantment to the view, but the enchantment vanished like his cuticle as he rowed on. By the way he was turning about he would have to row probably six miles before reaching the island, so he headed the boat for the mainland.

"You are not pointing toward the island at all, now," she said.

"By rowing toward the mainland," he replied, "we shall reach the island sooner, because this boat is turning so continually that we make the greatest headway by going in the opposite direction."

"Yes," she replied, "but we are going away from the island all the time. We shall be back on shore in ten minutes if you keep on."

"Excuse me," he went on, "but do you notice my eyes growing larger!"

"Yes.

"That confirms me in the opinion that I have a sunstroke, and must get ashore as soon as possible.

So, after a violent effort, during which the girl was frightened half to death, he reached the shore. He had no fit, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that that girl would never ask him to row in a skiff, and that she would tell the other girls, and he would no more be a victim of the hotel boat—the fat poodle of the lake in contradiction to the Cunarder which is the greyhound of the sea.

"It is lucky I can make my orange eyes bulge at will," he said, after relating the circumstance to a friend.

"Let's see you make them bulge now," asked his friend.

So he bulged his orange eyes until they looked like a couple of hard-boiled eggs shelled and cut in half lengthwise.—*Once A Week.*

He Has Lost Caste.

Petit de Peyster (on board Cunarder)—Goodbye, old man; take care of yourself, and remember me to Wales.

Reginald Dudekin—Shawn't see him.

De Peyster—What's the mattah?

Dudekin—Well, you see the fellahs at our club think we can't afford to know Wales any more in view of that Scotch *mesalliance.*—*Life.*

Something New in Bric-a-brac.

Ethel—Oh, I saw such a sweet match-safe this afternoon.

George—What shape was it in?

"It was in the shape of a marriage certificate."

He Won the Prize.

A story which is vouched for by Charles E. Potts of Troy illustrates the force of originality. A business man of Albany advertised for an office boy recently and, as usual, got a big bundle of answers. He got fairly well tired reading the various good things the young aspirants for the place had to say of themselves, but finally he struck a letter that really rested him. It was written on a very much soiled and crumpled piece of paper that had never been very white, and ran as follows:

"I'm 12 yers old. I hain't got no father nor muther. I'm an orfen and I've got to hustl. It just betes hel how hard times is."

The gentleman read no more of the letters, but at once sent for the writer of this one and gave him the job. The boy has settled down to "hustling" in earnest, and doesn't complain any more about the "hard times."—*New York Graphic.*

A Natural Mistake.

Cholly—How did Fweddy come to lose his cane, Gworge?

Gworge—Well, the other day the officers came awound to awwest Fweddy, don'tcher-know, and by some mistake or other they got hold of Fweddy's cane instead of him.

"That was sad!"

"Indeed it was. And Fweddy needs his cane weal badly."—*Time.*

Used to Rough Treatment.

Editor Oklahoma paper (to applicant)—I am going to take a rest, sir, and I am looking for a man to fill the editorial chair during my absence. Do you think that you could stand it to be kicked around, sir, and to have a piece gouged out of you now and then?

Applicant—Stand it! Why, I always did do my own milking, sir, and for the last few years I've been shaving myself.

"You are the man, sir. Take the editorial chair at once."—*Time.*

A Pertinent Request.

A man with an office in town dodged out, and left a sign on the door:

"Gone out—back in five minutes."

When he returned he found the following request written below:

"If you do, please wait, as I have a bill a year old against you."

Then he clasped her with emotion,
Drew the maiden to his breast,
Whispered vows of true devotion,
The old, old tale,—you know the rest.
From his circled arms uspringing,
With a tear she turned away,
And her voice with sorrow ringing,
"I shall not see my bridal day."

This dramatic speech broke him up badly; but when she explained that her apprehensions were founded on the fact of an inherited predisposition to consumption in her family, he calmed her fears, bought a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for her, and she is now the incarnation of health. Consumption fastens its hold upon its victims while they are unconscious of its approach. The "Golden Medical Discovery" has cured thousands of cases of this most fatal of maladies. But it must be taken before the disease is too far advanced in order to be effective. If taken in time, and given a fair trial, it will cure, **or money paid for it will be refunded.** For **Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs,** and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Copyright, 1888, by WORLD'S DIS. MED. ASS'N.

$500 OFFERED

for an incurable case of Catarrh in the Head by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties, it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. By druggists, 50 cents.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT OF

DIAMONDS

At 20 per cent. less than any other house in the city. All stones warranted as represented.

GEO. E. TROREY

Manufacturing Jeweler

51 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

MANTEL FOLDING BEDS

SUITABLE FOR

Small Rooms, Parlors, Dining Rooms and Offices.

OPENED. CLOSED

It may be draped to suit any style of apartment in which it is placed, and made an admirable auxiliary to its furniture. H. P. DAVIES & CO., 22 Church Street.

PRICE $10 PRICE $10

Writes Easily 35 to 40 Words Per Minute

Simple, practical, durable typewriter. It never gets out of order. No instruction required. Can be carried in the satchel and used on the cars. Ladies and gentlemen and business men need it. Call and see it, or send for circular, mentioning this paper. The Typewriter Improvement Co., Boston, Mass. Branch Office—7 Adelaide St. East, Toronto. Copying done at three cents per hundred words.

PROF. & MME. HOUSEMAN

(LATE OF WASHINGTON)

Chiropodist and Manicure

228 YONGE STREET

Bunions, Ingrowing Nails, Corns, etc., successfully treated. Best and superior treatment at moderate charges.

NEW FICTION

AT

Marvellously Low Prices

"How I Escaped," edited by the author of "Mr. Barnes of New York," at 25 cents; **"John Bodwin's Testimony,"** by Mary Hallock Foote, at 30 cents; and **"The Battle of the Swash and the Capture of Canada,"** by Samuel Barton, and under same cover Dr. W. George Beers' celebrated speech at Syracuse, for 25 cents. The above are all from the press of

J. THEO. ROBINSON, Publisher

MONTREAL.

Ask for them at your bookseller.

CRUEL KINDRED.

By the Author of "A Piece of Patchwork," "Somebody's Daughter," "The House in the Close," "Snared," "The Mystery of White Towers," "Madam's Ward," etc.

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"What is that?" asked Guy of his brother, pointing to the paper in Duke's hands.

At that moment, if he could, Duke would have evaded the question gladly—would have postponed with relief, had it been in his power, the making of the revelation. But he could not resist the command of the dark eyes, the resolute voice, and the strong extended hand. He turned away, wincing, biting his lip, as he stretched out his own hand and, without a word, gave up what it held.

Guy took it, held it—closed as it was—and looked across at Lady Oldcastle.

"Mother, am I to read this?"

"Yes," she said hoarsely.

In a dead silence he opened it, and read from the first word to the last. His face grew no whiter, but a ghastly change came over it as he read. He made no outcry, uttered not a word. The blow was too stunning, too crushing for relief of that kind. In dead silence still, his hand, holding the paper, dropped to his side, and he stood for a moment with his head bowed before asking the one inevitable question.

"Mother, is this true?"

"Yes."

She spoke mechanically, in a dull voice of despair. The son whom she adored, for whom she would have sacrificed all things upon earth but one, was merciless. But Guy—would he plead for her? It was the last possible humiliation of the proud woman that, brought to this desperate pass, she turned to the son whom she hated, and appealed to him against the son she loved.

"Guy," she cried, "speak to him—plead with him for me! He will prevail with him—he will disgrace me, he declares. Oh, for the sake of common mercy forget everything but that I am your mother, and I entreat him to spare me, I implore you!"

As she frantic hands caught his arm he unclasped them and moved back a pace. There was a strange smile upon his face, bitterer than the wildest outbursts of reproach and despair could have been, as he looked from the one face to the other. She had her shame to fear, his brother had his rights to claim. And he? He drew farther away from them, and spoke from his station apart, as though a gulf had in fact opened at his feet to separate them from him forever.

"Does he say," he asked, and looked at his brother, "that he will do that?"

"I do say it!" With the same sullenly reluctant air, the younger man looked up and looked down again. "What else can I do? What else can I be expected to do? I only claim what is mine. It's a miserable business but I have been kept out of my just rights long enough. What should prevent me?"

"She is our mother," said Guy.

Duke frowned and flushed impatiently.

"As I have told her, if she were any other way out of it I'd take it," he said, avoiding a direct reply. "I must prove the will. There isn't a man who in my place would not do the same. I am my father's sole and only father's heir. I have lost enough, I think. Let the truth be known, and—"

His mother had sunk down into her seat again. Now she sprang up with a cry which arrested the faltering words upon his tongue. Recalling all the agony which he had seen her face display, he felt he had never seen such anguish upon it as now, when the last portion of her secret, which for his sake she had striven to keep, broke from her.

"The truth," she ejaculated—"the truth! Who knows the truth? You do not, your father did not, that cowardly wretch who threatened me did not! Duke, my darling, if you do as you say you will—if you use that paper in your hand—you will ruin and disgrace no one only me but yourself! Before Heaven I swear that Martin Langton married me!"

From the rigid figure standing alone by the door there came no movement. From Duke's suddenly-relaxed fingers the will dropped, rustling as it fell.

"Is was a false marriage!" he cried.

"It was not—it was true! The woman who claimed to be his wife, and with whom he left England when he deserted me, lied, as he did. I learnt it only years after your father's death. When she knew she was dying, she wrote to me, confessing the fraud which they had both practised upon me." She moved towards her younger son and clung to his shoulder. "Duke, it is true—I swear it! I was Martin Langton's wife. I would never have said it if you had not threatened what you would do. Forgive me, my dear, my dear!"

"Forgive you!" Duke repeated, in a harsh, quavering tone, a sudden horrible fear turning him cold as he stood. "He died thirty years ago," he said—"before I was born. I—I am glad you were his wife, mother. Why should I forgive you?"

"He died six months ago," Lady Oldcastle said hoarsely.

With a look of incredulity and despair and an exclamation of unspeakable rage, Duke flung away her clinging arms. He believed her, and he realized well what your father's death meant. In the very moment of his unexpected triumph the tables were turned—he was baffled, nameless.

As Lady Oldcastle sank tottering into her chair again, and with a moan covered her face, Guy spoke without stirring from his place.

"Mother," he said, his deep voice ringing out clear and strong, "you need have no fear. He will not prove the will. I resign now, at this moment, the name I have no right to bear and all that belongs to it, and so make the only reparation in my power for having unwittingly robbed him all my life and his. I will leave this house never to enter it again; and, whatever reason may be assigned, it will never be the true one. Let it be thought—let it be said that I have committed some disgraceful act, of which I dare not face the consequences. It matters very little.

"Guy," Duke cried incredulously, "you will do that?"

"What else?" said his brother. "I say that I will leave the house, never again to enter it, and that I will not for another day be called by the name that is yours. I say that from this hour I swear to efface myself, to disappear. I swear that I'll never cross your path again. There is no one to dispute with you what I give up; you defraud no one by taking what was your father's and should have been yours. Stand, as you should, in your father's place, and guard our mother's secret for her sake and your own."

"Guy," the younger brother cried again, "I swear upon my side that at this moment I could almost wish that this discovery had never been made—that things had remained as they have always been. We can't part like this. Some arrangement is possible. I had meant to suggest it. You renounce all, you keep secret this miserable thing—which I suppose is true—and you take—nothing! It can't be—it shall not! What will you do? Where will you go? You must take something from me. I—" He broke off, his agitation stopping him.

"Nothing!" returned Guy steadily and sternly. "I have given you my pledge, and you know that I shall keep it."

He moved forward for the first time, picked up the will from the floor, and approached the chair into which Lady Oldcastle had sunk down helplessly.

"Mother," he said quietly, "I understand much now that has puzzled me all my life, and, that being the case, I find it easy to forgive you, Heaven knows! And, as these are the last words I shall ever speak to you, forgive me in turn for the suffering which every day of my existence must have caused you. It was natural that you should hate me—you could hardly do otherwise. Your good name before the world is safe—your son will protect it, for in doing so he protects his own. Take this—it is your right.

He placed the will in her hands. As it touched her lax fingers she started up, her wild gaze traveling from one to the other. Perhaps the supreme agony of that moment brought to her some too late realization of the bitter mistake which had been the fruit of her sin; for her haggard face was pitiful as she stretched out her arms towards her self-exiled son.

"Guy," she cried, "forgive me! Before you go, say that you forgive me all!"

"Heaven forgive and help us all!" he answered. "I forgive you, mother."

He turned away, and he would have left the room without another word but that Duke interposed quickly.

"Wait," he said, "for a moment. What of—Adela?"

"What of her?" Guy stopped, and, beyond the spasm which for a moment crossed his lips, there was no lessening of the stern composure of his rigidly-set face. "Tell her," he said steadily, "the story that you will tell the world. She will credit it at last, finding me gone. The more lost and degraded she believes me, the worse she thinks of me, the better for her, for she will forget me the sooner. Tell her that I am unfit to be her husband, and acknowledged it. Tell her to forget me, for I am unworthy to live in her memory. And that is the truth!"

The door had opened as he spoke, but softly, and until now Mr. Plumptre had stood unseen upon the threshold. The silk merchant advanced, his full ruddy cheeks turning pale with consternation. The thin veneer of his gentlemanhood could not stand the shock. When he spoke, his pompous voice was loud, boisterous, threatening.

"What's this?" he demanded gruffly. "What's all this that's to be told my niece? You're not to marry her—you're not to marry her! Tell her this, that, and t'other! What does it mean, Sir Guy? I've a right to have it explained, and, by Heaven, I will, sir!"

With his right hand he struck the table with a force that made it tremble, as he glanced from Duke's pale face to Lady Oldcastle, sitting with her head drooping upon her hands. Guy answered him in a dry, emotionless tone, even and steady.

"There is no explanation, Mr. Plumptre. You heard the truth. I am not fit to be your niece's husband, and I release her. As for the title you gave me just now, I have no right to it. I shall not bear it again, or claim anything that belongs to it. I renounce all, for it is the only thing left for me to do. Why I am forced to do this, why I am cut off from those of my blood for the rest of my life, is my secret. By doing this," he added steadily, "I avert worse consequences. Let your niece think what she will of me, and tell her that the only words I dared leave for her were that the worst she can think of me will fall far short of the truth."

"Confound it, sir," cried the bewildered silk-merchant violently, "d'ye think that just as my niece is engaged, just as every one knows of her engagement—with the very wedding-day fixed, by Jove!—d'ye think I'm going to have her jilted without rhyme or reason? D'ye think I'm going to have the girl thrown over and made a laughing-stock of for the sake of some precious cock-and bull stuff that I don't understand? If all this is true, and you've really done something so disgraceful that you daren't hold up your head among honest men or bear your own father's name, why, then you shall tell her yourself, by Jove, although I'd rather see her dead and in her coffin than married to you!"

The curtain that draped the long window moved a little, and Adela came in softly. Very pale, but holding her head high, she crossed over quietly and stood at her lover's side.

"There is no need to tell me, uncle Plumptre—there is no need to tell me anything. There is no one in the room," she said, with a steady look which included all there, "who can tell me anything that I do not know."

Her appearance had been so unexpected, her words and manner were so composed and calm, that for a moment even Mr. Plumptre was dumb. All saw the roll of paper clasped in her hand, and three out of the four understood. In the momentary pause that ensued she moved across to Lady Oldcastle and laid it upon her knees. The dead Sir Guy's will and his confession lay there together.

"Mother," she said, in a clear, distinct voice, smiling—"I call you so for the first time, and be for the last, you see—you need not fear any disgrace from—this. The secret would have been quite safe in your son's keeping; it shall not be less so in his wife's."

"His wife!" burst out the silk merchant, vehemently. "Good heavens, Adela, are you off your head? You say you know all about this blessed mystery, what'ever it is, and you say that! Do you know that you're speaking of a man who, by his own confession, is disgraced? Do you know that he is penniless? Do you know the sort of poverty-stricken life he'll lead? And you talk about being his wife! Do you know who you are, Lady Adela, and who your father was? Do you remember who I am, and the fortune I've promised you, when you say you'll marry a man who hides himself to keep out of the felon's dock maybe, for all you can tell? If you do it—if you even speak of doing it, Adela—I'll renounce you, I'll disinherit you! You shall never touch a penny of mine, if you starve! I—" He stopped, inarticulate with rage.

"I know, uncle." Her voice, so soft and sweet and clear, sounded strangely right the boisterous one. "I know all that you have said; and you have a right not to give me your money if you please. You are very angry with me, I know, and mamma will be angry; but I cannot help it. Perhaps you will both forgive me some day. She turned from him. "Guy," she said entreatingly, "you did not mean it, did you? You did not really mean, when you said it, that you would cast me off? If I had been your wife to-day, would you have said we must part? Could you have said it, dear? Do you think a ring upon my finger could make me more yours than my promise to be your love? Oh, at this moment of your life above all others," she cried passionately, "when all turn from you and you must turn from all, do you reject me, who never loved you so truly as now, and turn from me too? Guy, my dearest, whatever name you bear, I will bear it proudly; whatever lot you live, I will share it joyfully! Don't break my heart! My love, my love, take me with you—not for your own sake, but for mine!"

He had turned from her; to him this was the crowning point of agony; but now, as her entreating hands touched his, he caught them in his own and held her from him.

"Adela, it cannot be—it cannot! I have done you harm enough in loving you and winning your love! I am a ruined man—you know and know why. Will you give up everything—home, fortune, friends—to follow my fate?

She drew her hands from his and laid them upon his shoulders, meeting his eyes with her own.

"To the end of the world," she said simply. "Will I? Ah, Guy, look into my face and see!"

Had the expression of those upraised eyes been different, he might have hesitated still, but in them he read, and knew that he read, a passionate depth of love, faith, and devotion which only death would have the power to change or chill—a love quenchless, a devotion tireless, a faith that would last as long as her heart beat. He knew it, and for his life could not have turned from her.

"Come then!" he said; and so, he with his arm about her, and she with her face upraised to his, as loving, serene, and cloudless as he had ever seen it, they passed out of the room together, and out of the lives of those they left behind.

. . . . . .

Society found a good deal to say upon the disappearance of the master of Oldcastle Towers, and was sarcastic, scandalized, facetious, or wondering, as suited its fastidious and changing humor.

Certainly, it was decided in the clubs, the man must have "been up to something" more than "shady" for him to efface himself for the rest of his days; and opinions were affiliated pretty briskly among all possibilities between murder and forgery. It was also decided that Duke Oldcastle, who was both a handsome and a popular fellow, filled his brother's vacated shoes very gracefully, and spent the money well. And he was a very good hearted fellow too, for, if there was one thing he obviously could not stand, it was a word said against his brother. Evidently he wished the whole matter dropped.

And so Club land dropped it; but the tattle still went on in drawing rooms as to what a little fool that pert Adela Nugent had been to lose seventy thousand pounds—and who knew how much more!—all for the sake of a man who for some mysterious reason did not dare to show his face in his home—she who had turned up her nose at Claude Tatton-Pakenham, forsooth! And there were not wanting spiteful suggestions to the effect that she must have compromised herself in some way, or she would never have been brazen enough to do as she did, and leave the house when her lover left it, with no companion or chaperon beyond that foolish old Irish woman who had been her nurse.

Only once has Lady Oldcastle seen her elder son since the day when, sacrificing himself to shield her, he passed out of her sight and her life together. It was at the theatre—the house famous for brilliant novelties—at the first performance of a comedy which had had in the provinces an almost phenomenal success, and which now, produced in excellent style at this fashionable house, was expected to score a triumph.

When the curtain fell upon the last act, amidst a storm of applause that pronounced the success of the new piece to be an assured thing, the stately and handsome lady roused herself from the reverie into which she had fallen, even in such a place as this and with her youngest son sitting by her, and turned her eyes towards the stage as the calls for the author rose and grew louder and the applause broke out again. And then she drew back, deathly pale, and panting as she sat.

Was that figure standing there, quietly bowing in response to the tumultuous cheers—was it—was it Guy? She forced herself to look away, and in doing so knew that it was no mistake. For the charming woman in the white gown, sitting in the opposite box, upon whose eager, happy smiling face so many kindly and admiring glances were cast, and whose own eyes, turned so proudly and fondly towards the stage, saw only the figure there, was the girl who had been Adela Nugent.

Duke had seen too, and he started and flushed and grew pale again, and looked eagerly at his brother's wife. His mother looked at him, with his handsome, wearied, vacant face, indifferent to almost all things, and most hopelessly indifferent to her, and then across the theater to the husband and wife, side by side now. She saw the smile with which each met the eyes of the other, could fancy the words they spoke, and, realizing the gulf which her own hand had dug between herself and such love and happiness and the barrenness of her own dreary and useless way, drew back into her corner with a gesture as though she would fain have shut out the light; for just then the fruits of her sin were very bitter to Olivia Oldcastle.

[THE END.]

A Newspaper Clipping.

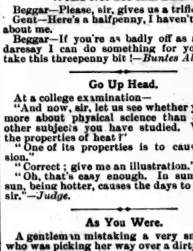
'Twas a clipping from the paper,
Telling of some funny caper
On the stage;
So I read it, every letter,
Saying that it was no better
For an age.

Then I turned the clipping over,
With no purpose to discover
What was there;
But in smiling contemplation
Of the humorist's creation,
Rich and rare.

As I looked I know I started,
And the smile from lip departed,
For I saw,
Printed there in cut column,
Notices of death, sad, solemn,
Full of awe.

So, I thought, come grief and pleasure,
Meted out with equal measure;
You may laugh,
For some other one is wailing,
For the tear's smile's undoing
Other half. —*Columbus Dispatch.*

A Breach of Etiquette



Escort—Say, when I ask a lady out for have cream I don't want her to stick her tongue inter the glass!

Would Not See Him Stuck.

Beggar—Please, sir, gives us a trifle!

Gent—Here's a halfpenny, I haven't any more about me.

Beggar—If you're as badly off as all that, I dessay I can do something for you. Here, take this threepenny bit!—*Buntes Allerlei.*

Go Up Head.

At a college examination—

"And now, sir, let us see whether you know more about physical science than about the other subjects you have studied. What are the properties of heat?"

"One of its properties is to cause expansion."

"Correct; give me an illustration."

"Oh, that's easy enough. In summer, the sun, being hotter, causes the days to lengthen, sir."—*Judge.*

As You Were.

A gentleman mistaking a very small lady, who was picking her way over a dirty channel, for a very young one, snatched her up in his arms, and landed her safely on the other side; when she indignantly turned up a face expressive of the anger of fifty winters, and demanded why he dared take such a liberty!

"Oh, I humbly beg your pardon," said the gentleman; "I have only one amends to make."

He again took her up and placed her where he first found her.

Not a Convenient Date.

De Courcy—Angelina, dearest, have you yet fixed upon the day that is to make me the happiest of men?

Angelina—Yes, Reginald, the 15th of next month is my birthday, and how appropriate it would be to have our wedding on the same day. Does that date suit you?

De Courcy—Well, no, not quite as well as some other. You see, there is to be a cricket match played on that day, and I wouldn't like to miss it.

The Babe Had Grown.

A newspaper prints an advertisement that deserves a notice. It reads: "If John Smith, who, twenty years ago, deserted his poor wife and babe, will return, said babe will knock the stuffing out of him."

A Good Profession.

Meddler—What is your business?
Cynicus—Minding it.
Meddler—Minding what?
Cynicus—My business.

I X L STEAM LAUNDRY
42 Richmond Street West
GENTS' WASHING OUR SPECIALTY
Delivery to all parts of the city.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERMANENTLY LY removed without injury to the skin. Also Freckles, Blackheads, Wrinkles, Liver Discolorations, Golden Cream for the complexion and hands, $1. Address, with stamps, for sealed particulars, ART TOILET CO., 4 West 14th St., New York. Established 1880

WATCHES FREE! To advertise our house! 10,000 absolutely free. Write and be convinced. A. C. ROEBUCK & CO., Toronto, Ont.

PHOTOGRAPH REPRODUCTIONS OF CELEBRATED PAINTINGS
Both ancient and modern, in different sizes, by the
SOULE PHOTO. CO. OF BOSTON
OFFICE FOR CANADA:
36 King Street East - - Toronto
Catalogue of subjects 25c. Call and see samples.

The Crown Perfumery Co's DELICIOUS NEW PERFUME
CRAB-APPLE BLOSSOMS
REGISTERED
EXTRA CONCENTRATED
"A delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—Court Journal
TO BE OBTAINED OF ALL DEALERS EVERYWHERE
177 NEW BOND ST LONDON.

- EMPLOYMENT -
DO YOU WANT TO
COME TO TORONTO?
There are Hundreds of Good Situations open for GENERAL SERVANTS, HOUSEMAIDS, COOKS, etc. Write for particulars to
'NEWS' EMPLOYMENT BUREAU
261 Queen St. West, Toronto.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Good morning
HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?

40 years' record of honorable dealing
40 years before an intelligent public
40 years' loyalty to our patrons
40 years of liberal and equitable methods
40 years manufacturers and dealers
SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

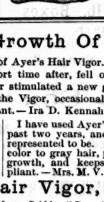
R. S. Williams & Son
143 Yonge Street, Toronto
TELEPHONE 1504

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
ROOFS, GIRDERS, BEAMS, STAIRS, COLUMNS
AND ALL KINDS OF IRON WORK FOR BUILDING PURPOSES.
Office: 530 Yonge Street, Toronto

BARRETT & CO.
Real Estate and Commercial Exchange
TELEPHONE 897
18 Yonge St. Arcade Toronto, Ont.

St. Charles Restaurant
LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS
70 YONGE STREET
Next door to Dominion Bank
Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars
HEASLIP & PIERCE
Proprietors

A SPLENDID CHANCE
WE WILL GIVE NEW SUBSCRIBERS
"SATURDAY NIGHT"
AND THE
WORLD TYPEWRITER
For $10, cash with order. The price of the Typewriter alone is $10. See advertisement of this machine another column.



PROF. DAVIDSON
LATE OF NEW YORK
Chiropodist and Manicure
71 Yonge St., cor. King

A Luxuriant Growth Of Hair

May be obtained by the continued use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. ** A few years ago my hair began to turn gray, and, a short time after, fell out so freely that I became nearly bald. Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulated a new growth of hair, and of the original color. I have applied the Vigor, occasionally, since that time, and my hair is now strong and abundant.—Mrs. E. H. Kennah, Utica, N. Y.

I had been troubled, for years, with scalp disease, and my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor cured my scalp, and gave me a luxuriant head of soft, black hair.—Mrs. E. H. Foster, Lynn, Mass.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years, and found it all it is represented to be. It restores a natural color to gray hair, promotes a vigorous growth, and keeps the hair soft and pliant.—Mrs. M. V. Day, Cohoes, N. Y.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

Scrofulous Affections

Humors originate in the blood, which, when vitiated, carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarsaparilla eradicates all traces of the scrofulous taint from the system.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofula. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. Flower, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Of the Eyes, Lungs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys, indicate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest alterative treatment. For this purpose, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is unequaled.

I was always troubled with a Scrofulous Humor. Lately my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and difficulty in breathing. Three bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla have relieved my lungs, and improved my health generally.—Lucia Cass, Chelsea, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Telephone 344 for

Camping Supplies

Choicest Canned Meats, Fish and Fruits. Finest Wines Liquors constantly on hand.
Discount of 5 per cent. on orders of $10 or over.

MARSLAND & KENNEDY
FAMILY GROCERS
313 King St. West - Toronto

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket office.
P. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 20 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE
ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE
Liverpool via Queenstown
GLASGOW SERVICE
Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.
For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to
M. D. Murdoch & Co.
AGENTS, 62 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line
is patronized by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

TAYLOR & CO.
MERCHANT TAILORS
OPPOSITE THE ROSSIN HOUSE
WILL REMOVE
About the end of August to more commodious premises
No. 89 Yonge Street

FRANK L. SANAGAN & CO.
THE NOBBY TAILORS
241 YONGE STREET

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
SUPERIOR
STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER
72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO
TELEPHONE - - - 1112

Trunks and Valises
SATCHELS and PURSES
Best Goods. Lowest Prices
C. C. POMEROY
69 King Street West TORONTO

55 CENTS
The small purchase amounting to 55c.—fifty-five cents, for which a numbered receipt or voucher is given, may win the price of the watch worth one thousand dollars—$1000. Americans as well as Canadians will please note the fact. This said watch is the finest in America as a mechanical work of art. Send for circulars.
RUSSELL'S
9 King Street West, Toronto

CANDY
BY MAIL AND EXPRESS
IN
2 lb., 4 lb. and 5 lb. Boxes
FROM 25c. TO 50c. PER LB.
These are all hand-made goods and fresh every day.
HARRY WEBB, 477 Yonge St.
TORONTO

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors
ICE CREAM PARLOR NOW OPEN
Picnics and Parties Supplied with Cream and Cakes.
Try our Snowflake Homemade Bread.
CARRICK'S
New Store Cor. Yonge and Edward Sts., and 160 Bay St.
WEDDING CAKES A SPECIALTY
Telephones—Yonge St., 1515; Bay St. 577

MEDLAND & JONES
Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.
Office—Mail Buildings Toronto. Telephone 1067

F. W. MICKLETHWAITE
PHOTOGRAPHER
Out-door Views, Photo Engraving, Photographing on Zinc, Commercial Photography, Life-Size Gelatine-Bromide Enlargements, Photographing on Wood by Meadows' Process.
40 Jarvis Street, Toronto

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice.

SUNBEAMS
ELDRIDGE STANTON, Photographer
116 Yonge Street and 1 Adelaide Street West
Photographs of all sizes
Sunbeams $1 per doz.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 138 Carlton Street

A. B. McBRIDE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.
Room C. 16 Victoria street, Toronto.
Money to loan

JOHN P. MILL
Watchmaker and Jeweler
Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE
And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER.
First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -
46 and 48 King Street East.
Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gouriet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT
Jordan Street
This favorite restaurant of Toronto's business men has recently been enlarged and refitted throughout.
Reading and smoking rooms.
HENRY MORGAN - - Proprietor

Grand Opera Sample Room
The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.
D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION
Life Association
TORONTO.

F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SOMETHING NEW IN DENTISTRY
Dr. Land's Porcelain Fillings, Crowns and Sections. Also Continuous Gum Sets. All operations known to modern dentistry practiced.
CHAS. P. LENNOX
Yonge Street Arcade - - Room B
Telephone 1846

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $8.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
G. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
Dental Surgeon, 97 Carlton St., Toronto
New Process—Porcelain Fillings and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Telephone 3031

DR. McLAUGHLIN
DENTIST
Corner College and Yonge Streets
Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth.

ED. E. FARRINGER
PROFESSOR OF MUSIC
58 Homewood Avenue
Instruction given on Piano, Violin, Cornet, etc.
Summer term commences July 2.

HENRI DE BESSE
(From Paris and Stuttgart Conservatories of Music, late Professor at New York Conservatories of Music) will receive pupils for Violin or Pianoforte at special summer terms, from June 20 to August 31. Pupils commencing now will be retained through the entire season at summer term prices. No lessons given in classes. Address at residence, 129 Bloor Street East, 3 doors from Jarvis Street; or Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge Street.

MR. J. W. F. HARRISON
Organist of St. Simon's Church and Musical Director of the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby.
Organ, Piano and Harmony
94 Gloucester Street

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipsic, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 305 Jarvis Street

PERCY V. GREENWOOD
Organist All Saints' Church. Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
2 & 4 Elm Carlton Street, opp. the Gardens
This school is conducted on the principle that only first-class tuition can overcome the many constitutional defects which mar the musical education of the average pupil, therefore we employ no cheap teachers. We guarantee thorough work from the lowest to the highest grade, and are patronized by the best families in the city. The popularity of our method is on the increase, also the number of persons who profess to teach the same. Our method is the result of thirty years' practical work on the part of the principal, and can not be applied successfully, even by the best of teachers, unless they have received practical instruction from us. Therefore the only way to insure the full benefit of our method is to come to the Ontario College of Music. A summer term as usual. E. FARRINGER.

TORONTO COLLEGE OF MUSIC
AND ORCHESTRAL AND ORGAN SCHOOL
Fall Term (2nd Year) Commences September 5, '89
Thorough instruction in every branch of music—vocal, instrumental, theoretical—by the most eminent teachers in Canada. Complete 3 manual organ in college, and largest church organ in Province for lessons and practice. Orchestra of 60 and choirs of 250 accessible to students. Diplomas, prizes, scholarships and certificates granted. Lectures, concerts, recitals and violin class free.
Send for prospectus giving full particulars.
F. H. TORRINGTON, Director,
12 and 14 Pembroke Street.

TORONTO
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.
GOVERNMENT CHARTER.
HON. G. W. ALLAN - - PRESIDENT.
1000 Total Attendance first 2 years.
All branches taught.—Instrumental and Vocal music; Elocution, Languages, Scholarships, certificates, diplomas. Free Theory, Violin, Concerts and Lectures. Next Fall, organ students, besides the use of several complete church organs, can have lessons, practice and recitals upon a GRAND CONCERT ORGAN, built expressly for the Conservatory, in Association Hall.
SUMMER NORMAL TERM, July 8 to Aug. 10.
FALL TERM OPENS Sept. 4. Send for free Calendar. Address, EDWARD FISHER, Director, cor. Yonge St. and Wilton Ave., Toronto.

BRITISH AMERICAN ARCADE, YONGE ST. TORONTO.
Business College
The oldest and most reliable of its kind in the Dominion. All subjects pertaining to a business education thoroughly taught by able and experienced teachers.
C. O'DEA, Secretary.

J. W. L. FORSTER
PORTRAITS
Studio - 81 King St. East
ART

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street
Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.
Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus.
R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

JUST RECEIVED FROM EUROPE
ANOTHER LOT OF THOSE
GENUINE SPANISH GUITARS
The best guitars in the world for volume and purity of tone.
CLAXTON'S MUSIC STORE
197 Yonge Street; Telephone 239
Branch Store - 63 King Street West

WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.
MUSIC DEALERS
283 Yonge St., Toronto
MANUFACTURERS OF THE
"IMPERIAL" CORNETS
The best in the world, as used by MESSRS. CLARKE and BAUGH Canada's greatest cornet soloist and endorsed by JULES LEVY.
Everything in the music line and at the right prices. All the latest publications in stock. Publishers of the Canadian Musician.
Will Remove to 158 Yonge Street September 1

New Sacred Songs
GARDEN OF PRAYER—F and G
By VERNON REY
KING DAVID'S LAMENT—D and F
By FRANK SWIFT.
Price 50 Cents Each
TORONTO
EDWIN ASHDOWN
89 Yonge Street, and London, Eng.

THE LAST PENNY.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1886
OSTRICH FEATHER DYERS
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pom-Poms, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Late French Styles and Colors.
TURNER & SETLEE, 60 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

MISS PLUMMER
MODISTE
57 GLOUCESTER STREET

THE MAGIC SCALE
Best system of cutting ladies' and children's garments.
HALL'S BAZAAR DRESS FORMS
For draping dresses. Adjustable to any measure.
MISS CHUBB, 426 1-2 Yonge St.

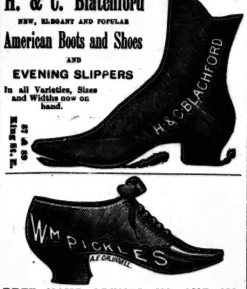
CANADIAN SECRET SERVICE
Under Government Patronage. Head Offices, Temple Building, Montreal.
Legitimate detective work done at reasonable rates and perfected in an honorable manner. Nothing done that in any way interferes with the marital relations.
JOHN A. GROSE, Manager.
Box 1999, Montreal.

DON'T CAKE UP YOUR CARPETS
We have removed to 509½ Yonge Street, to more commodious premises, where we are prepared to fill all orders for cleaning carpets without taking them up. We also take up and relay carpets where it is necessary. Toronto Carpet and Flush Ren. Co.

Charles Brown,
Nos. 33 and 35 KING ST. WEST
Carpets 15c.
Carriages $1
Telephone 133.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. Ltd.
OFFICE: 72 CHURCH STREET, TORONTO
$500,000 to loan on Mortgages—small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged.
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

H. & C. Blatchford
NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR
American Boots and Shoes
AND
EVENING SLIPPERS
In all Varieties, Sizes and Widths now on hand.
King St. E. 29 & 31



WE HAVE OPENED UP OUR IMMENSE Stock of Ladies' Fine Kid Shoes.
328 YONGE STREET

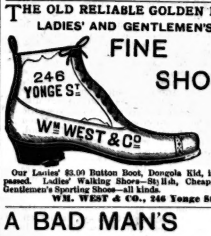
THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, 238 McCaul Street.

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
No. 12 CARLTON STREET

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto.
Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.
HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. McCABE, Man'g Director.

THE OLD RELIABLE GOLDEN BOOT
LADIES' AND GENTLEMEN'S
FINE SHOES



Our Ladies' $2.00 Button Boot, Dongola Kid, is unsurpassed. Ladies' Walking Shoes—$2 High, Cheap, Good. Gentlemen's Sporting Shoes—all kinds.
WM. WEST & CO., 246 Yonge Street

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART
E. E. Sheppard's Latest Novel
A Handsome Cloth Edition Now Ready. Price 75c.
SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (L'td)
9 Adelaide Street West

Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

grounds of "The Cottage," belonging to Justice Proudfoot of Toronto, and another large ball at the hotel, which was greatly enjoyed by the guests staying in the house, and also by visitors from their summer residences and from other hotels on the lake.

•

A most successful regatta was held at Port Carling, Muskoka, on Friday last, which drew large crowds from all the principal points on the lakes. Port Carling is especially designed by nature for aquatic sports with its large bay, entirely surrounded by hills, and giving a view of the races unsurpassed by any other point. Mr. John Fraser, of the Stratton House, threw his house open for the occasion and deserved the thanks of all for his courtesy in allowing his private wharf to be used as the starting and judges' stand. The races were many and keenly contested. Messrs. G. Goulding and N. G. Bigelow were the judges; Messrs. Dr. Armstrong and Capt. Gibson, referees, and Mr. R. W. Simpson the starter. Valuable prizes were given and Port Carling is now boasting of having held the best regatta ever seen on the lakes.

•

In the evening a concert was held at which the following ladies and gentlemen took part, and the frequent encores showed the appreciation of the crowded audience present. Miss Mellish, Mus. Bac., and Miss Metcalfe played a duet, also Mrs. N. G. Bigelow, Mus. Bac., and Mr. Thomas. Mr. Sanford Evans gave a recitation, and Rev. Mr. Rowe a reading. Miss Evans sang beautifully, accompanied by a violin obligato by Mr. Howard. Miss Fairgreave and Mr. Morley gave a vocal duet, and Mr. Weeks delighted the audience with his songs. Mr. N. G. Bigelow was the chairman and he did much to keep up the fun of the evening, his remarks being looked forward to as really a part of the programme. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Hanna seconded by the Rev. Mr. Rowe to the Committee of the Regatta, Messrs. Goulding, Bigelow and Simpson, for their efforts in putting forward such a lively day's sport, and so closed one of the gala days at Port Carling.

•

Mrs. B. E. Maitland leaves on Tuesday to spend a month with her friends in Coldwater, Mich.

•

Willie Ryan has returned from a visit to his uncle, W. P. Ryan, Collector of Customs, Montreal.

•

Miss Mary Thompson of Buffalo, N. Y., is visiting her aunt, Mrs. Wm. Ryan of Isabella street.

•

Roderick A. Ryan is spending three weeks' holidays at Lake Muskoka.

•

Miss Keighley of Winchester street has returned home, after spending eight pleasant weeks in Walkerville.

•

Mrs. Snarr of Huron street, Miss Edna Snarr and Master Jack have returned from Mackinaw.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Mrs. H. H. Strathy of The Hill gave an At Home last week; it was one of the most delightful which has taken place this season. The weather was all that could be wished, which made it very pleasant for those who cared to promenade through the grounds, others found pretty nooks and inviting seats where a little *tete-a tete* could be enjoyed. The tennis lawn was in good condition for play and was occupied most of the afternoon. Among those present were noticed: Mrs. John Strathy, Mrs. Anderson, Lady Kortright, Mrs. Andros, Capt. and Mrs. Whish, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Daniel Spry, Mrs. Vansittart, Mrs. Geo. J. Mason, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. Bridges, Mrs. Campbell, Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Jeffry McCarthy, Mrs. Percy Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, Col. and Mrs. Roper, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson of Toronto, Mrs. Haughton Lennox, Mrs. Birch, Mr. and Mrs. Barnum of Parkhill, Miss Mockeridge, Mr. and Mrs. Way, Mr. and Mrs. Dalkin, Mrs. John Ardagh, Mrs. J. Mockeridge, Miss Vansittart, Miss Maynard of San Francisco, Mrs. Holmes, Capt. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Hewson, Mrs. Barwick, Mrs. Spotton, Mrs. Clifford Thompson, Miss E. Swanson, Mrs. Ault, Miss Reiner, Miss Kortright, Miss O'Brien of Toronto, Miss Boys, Miss Hewett, Mr. E. Mitchell, the Misses Mason, Miss Ada Temple of Toronto, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. B. and Miss Schreiber, the Misses Ardagh, Mr. George Esten, Miss Esten of Toronto, Miss Buchan of Toronto, Miss Spry, Mr. A. Giles, Miss Russell of Millbrook, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Miss Davis of Ottawa, Mr. H. and Miss Baines, Mr. J. S. Porter of Toronto, Miss Bryden, Miss H. Murphy, Miss H. Bird, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. C. H. Crease, Mr. T. and the Misses Baker, Miss Bessie O'Brien, Miss Harding of Stratford, Mr. A. P. Ardagh, Miss L. Rogerson, Mr. W. Morton, Miss Holmes, Miss Cook, Miss Spotton, Miss Debarres of Toronto, Miss R. McCarthy, Mr. George Fraser, the Misses Forsyth, Dr. W. A. Ross, Mr. W. Spotton, Mr. Bridges, Mr. Gillett, the Misses McKellar of Toronto, Miss E. Jackson, Mr. F. Baker, Mr. S dney Bridges and others.

Judge and Mrs. Ardagh and family left last Saturday for Stanley Cove, Muskoka, where they purpose staying two weeks.

•

Mr. Mitchell of Hamilton was in town last week.

Judge and Mrs. Boys with a small party of relatives and friends are rusticating near Big Bay Point.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan and party have been camping at Sandy Cove, Lake Simcoe.

Col. and Mrs. Roper are the guests of Lady Kortright at Tollendale.

Mrs. Morris and her two little daughters have returned from Muskoka where they spent a few weeks.

Mr. Lally McCarthy of Toronto and Mr. D. McCarthy of Orangeville, are the guests of Mrs. F. E. P. Pepler at Tyneheal.

Last Monday being the civic holiday, there was great excitement in town, the streets were thronged with excursionists, the greater number came from Toronto. The sports and games were held at Peninsular Park and Big Bay Point, consequently the steamers Enterprise and Orillia were well patronized during the afternoon. OCULAIRE.

ORANGEVILLE.

There is very little to chronicle here in the way of society events during dog days. Orangeville, metaphorically speaking, may be said to be resting on its ears. Society has gone to camp, or with a huge fan is calmly contemplating a trip to the lakes or some other water excursion.

T. C. Stuart, M.P.P., with his family circle and some Toronto friends, are under canvas at their charming little island in Caledon Lake.

A lake party leaves here next week for the Mackinaw, composed of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Walsh, Mrs. Jackson of Simcoe, Miss Tuck, Mr. W. R. C. Hunt, Mr. Dennison, and some others.

Mr. R. T. Hann of the Bank of Hamilton heads for Muskoka on Saturday morning next, there to be the guest of Mr. H. Meyers and his family party, who are in camp on the island belonging to Hon. A. M. Ross.

Mrs. R. T. Hann and Miss Constance Stewart have returned from Camp Dufferin, much delighted with their stay in sylvan solitudes.

Mr. G. S. Ambrose of the Bank of Hamilton has returned from the Mackinaw considerably embrowned by his trip up the sunny lakes. Mr. W. W. Irwin of Toronto was his companion on the journey.

A ball is spoken of for the early part of September. We sincerely hope that it may be carried into effect.

AYLMER.

Mr. P. J. Carroll of the Traders' Bank is spending his holidays visiting friends and relatives near Hamilton.

Mr. A. H. Backhouse, of the law firm of Miller & Backhouse, left this week on a holiday trip to Toronto, Kingston and other places.

Mr. H. A. Ambridge, manager of Molsons Bank, has gone on a pleasure trip up the lakes and will be absent about two weeks.

Mr. E. A. Taylor and wife of Ridgetown are spending a few days with friends here.

Mrs. D. Stewart of this place is spending a few days with friends in Belleville.

Ex-Mayor S. S. Clutton is spending his vacation in Watertown, Dakota, visiting his brother, Joseph Clutton, who formerly resided here.

Miss Lou Clark of Sarnia is at present the guest of Mrs. L. J. Parker.

Miss Mary Merriman, who has been attending the Toronto College of Music, has returned home.

Mr. A. E. Haines of the law firm of Crawford & Haines, accompanied by his wife and Miss N. Davis, left this week on a two weeks' trip down the St. Lawrence.

Mr. W. B. Graham of Ridgetown is spending a few days in Aylmer, visiting his parents and many friends.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. B. S. Willson is in Toronto on a visit to Mrs. A. Ponton, on the Island.

Miss Hattie Willson has gone out to Regina to visit Mrs. Hayter Read.

Miss Bessie Kelso is the guest of the Misses Bell at their summer residence at Wellington, Prince Edward County.

Mrs. McAnany, the Misses Smart and Mr. Earl gave a fishing excursion to their friends last week on the Nellie Cuthbert. They went down to Hay bay and had a most enjoyable outing.

•

Messrs. John and Fred Macoun are in town on a visit to their relatives.

Mrs. and Miss Reimer have been enjoying a week's trip on the Norseman.

Mrs. Harry Wills of Guelph is at Mr. Thos. Wills, Hillcrest.

Mrs. Kincaid is visiting her sister, Mrs. Potts of Charles street. Dr. J. Potts of Montreal is expected here this week.

Mrs. Dickson and family took a trip to Niagara and are home again.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ashcroft of Montreal are at the Kyle House till Monday, when they will leave by str. Alexandria for Montreal.

Mr. Douglas Ponton was in the city last Sunday and Monday. Mrs. D. Ponton is visiting at Sidney Cottage.

Miss Perry and her little nieces, the Misses Edith and Gertie Perry, of 300 Sherbourne street, Toronto, are the guests of Mrs. Alfred White of Commercial street.

Miss Gracie Ponton is in Toronto and purposes taking a trip to Muskoka with friends.

Miss Maggie Stewart is home from a visit to Madoc, she expects to leave shortly for a trip to Toronto.

L. Henderson, Q. C., and family are at Massassaga Park.

Miss Pauline Newberry gave a party on Tuesday evening which was a very pleasant affair.

Mrs. Campbell of Argyle Lodge has returned from a three weeks' visit to Toronto.

Hon. O. Lambert of Ottawa, son of the Earl of Cavan, was the guest of his sister-in-law, Mrs. S. T. Greene, for a few days.

Dr. S. T. Greene and his son Howard are cruising amongst the Thousand Islands.

Mr. G. Farrell, Mr. Stephen Wallbridge and Mr. George Biggar have had a cruise down the St. Lawrence in the yacht Argo.

S. B. Burnett, M. P., has postponed his trip to the far west, and will return to Belleville as soon as Miss Mabel is sufficiently recovered from her late illness to undertake the home journey.

Miss C. Bolger, sister of Mr. T. O. Bolger, City Engineer, Kingston, is in the city visiting friends.

Ex-Mayor Biggar is in Toronto.

Mrs. Sewell and Mr. B. Croft Hulme of Quebec are in town.

Mrs. N. Falkiner is at the Sand Banks.

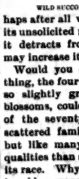
Mr. John Lewis and his son, Mr. J. L. Lewis, purpose travelling in Switzerland, France, Holland and Germany before returning to Canada in the fall.

Mr. A. R. Carman of the Toronto *Globe*, and Mrs. Carman were in the city last week. They have gone down the river to Montreal, per steamer Alexandria.

Two most interesting weddings are on the tapis for the early fall.

To the Woods.

Have you ever found yourself wondering who first discovered the uses of edible roots? Fruits and berries look so tempting that it seems quite natural to suppose them wholesome, though many a poison berry proves how deceitful appearances may be. But I really think that must have been a very courageous man—or woman (?)—who experimented with, for instance, the ugly root of this pretty wild succory, and so foisted on us the chicory that now too often, uninvited and unmentioned, takes its place at our breakfast tables. It is one of our prettiest mid-summer flowers, so purely and unmixedly blue, and perhaps after all we need not grumble because of its unsolicited presence in our cup since, though it detracts from the flavor of our coffee, it may increase its healthfulness.



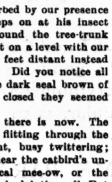
WILD SUCCORY.

Would you ever fancy this fall, ungainly thing, the four or five stiff spikes at its head so slightly graced with small dark purple blossoms, could be a verbena? Yet it is; one of the seventy or eighty members of that scattered family. A poor relation of course, but like many another such having nobler qualities than some better favored members of its race. Why was it, I wonder, that about so humble a wayside flower should have gathered such traditional power? True, it was supposed to possess great virtue in the healing of wounds; but this it held in common with and in no greater degree than many another. Yet the old herbalists would gather it only with hands piously crossed, reciting at the same time a rhymed blessing of which I now remember only the first four lines:

"Hallowed be thou vervein,
As thou art west o'n the ground,
For on the Mount of Calvary
Thou thou wast first found."

Here's another warfarer dear to the herbalist of to day as it was to him of old, hearhound, growing so freely that not the poorest but need be without its healing help. The catnip is its cousin as well as companion, and the wild mint is another relative; but it is a brook lover and may be found side by side with the veronica, or speedwell, that little blue flower named for her whose loving courage merited—according to tradition—that her handkerchief should bear for aye the impress of His blood-stained face who dragged His cross towards Calvary.

And all except the last are connections of this stately lilac-tinted bergamot which, born in the purple, keeps still her place in the proud seclusion of the woods, her lovely robe looking lovelier by contrast with the cloth-of-gold worn by the wild cornflowers beside her. They meet our glance in every sunny opening, growing together in wild profusion, and with them the low bushes of the New Jersey tea, its branches tipped with small rounded clusters of tiniest white blossoms, many of which are already replaced by quaint little three-cornered green berries. Its leaves are very like those of the Chinese plant, though lacking their fine aroma and in their day of need, after toasting the historic boxes of tea into Boston harbor, the rebellious colonists found them no mean substitute for their foreign namesakes.



BERGAMOT.

NEW JERSEY TEA

How perfectly undisturbed by our presence that creeper is. He keeps on at his insect feast, tripping slowly round the tree-trunk as coolly as if he were not on a level with our hands, and we were fifty feet distant instead of ten. There! he is off. Did you notice all the white bars across the dark seal brown of his open wings? While closed they seemed only flecked with white.

How little bird music there is now. The feathered choristers go flitting through the branches with a pleasant, busy twittering; and now and again we hear the catbird's unmusical mee-ow, or the pewee's plaintive call. But of all the glad trillings and tender warblings that filled the woods a few short weeks ago, there seems now scarcely an echo. Lovers, husbands, fathers, their rapturous heart-pourings rang through all the sunny hours, from earliest spring to midsummer; but they

"Keep silence now, for singing time is over."

Is it that for them too are "over all things sweet and all things dear?" And how shall they spend the long interval in their existence, not merely of the few weeks that must elapse before they seek the south, but of the lagging winter months between this and the time when for spring and them shall come

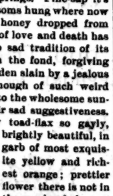
"New lust, new love, to suit the newer day?"

Do they all undergo some such metamorphosis as our dapper little merry-hearted bob-o-link who, when youth is over, grows silent, fat and slovenly and in more southern climes is known only as that luscious morsel the reed or rice bird? No, not all. Many birds come back season after season, and a keen observer soon learns to distinguish between the love-story of youth and the fuller strain of him of maturer growth.

Take care! You had almost trodden on this uncanny thing, this ghost flower growing here in the gloom of the trees, its ghastly, translucent pallor unrelieved by a single note of color in leaf or blossom. Did you ever see anything like it?

"Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth were animated."

Sometimes it takes on a flesh-like tint and I have then heard it called Indian pipe. But this, you see, is of an utter death-like whiteness, as distinctly unlike the snowy, creamy or pearly tint of other flowers as is the pallor of a corpse unlike a lovely colorlessness which makes some healthy persons beautiful. Pah! I hate the sight of it. Come away.



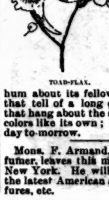
GHOST FLOWER.

What a handsome glossy dark green leaf this little wintergreen, the checkerberry has; and yes—I thought so—it is in blossom, its dainty white waxen bells hanging low under the leaves. Are not they fragrant? No wonder the Indians loved to mix them with their tobacco.

Why here's another of those strange parasites, its leafless stalk hung round with little apple-shaped berries, the whole plant ruddier tinted than even the bed of withered pine needles from which it springs. Pine-sap it's called, and when its blossoms hung where now are berries, a delicious honey dropped from them. I wonder no tale of love and death has been woven round it; no sad tradition of its having first sprung from the fond, forgiving heart of some Indian maiden slain by a jealous lover. But we've had enough of such weird flowers; let us get out into the wholesome sunshine and away from their sad suggestiveness.

Ah! here's the lovely toad-flax so gayly, brightly beautiful, in garb of most exquisite yellow and richest orange; prettier flower there is not in the year's whole garland, and over it flutters a butterfly

"That seems a living blossom to the eye."



TOAD-FLAX.

And the wild bees hum about its fellows with the slow motions that tell of a long day's toil, and the clouds that hang about the setting sun are tinted with colors like its own; fair promise of a glorious day to-morrow. D. B.

Mons. F. Armand, the hair-dresser and perfumer, leaves this morning on a 10 days trip to New York. He will familiarize himself with the latest American and English styles of coiffures, etc.

Down By the Sea.

A New York society paper says the striking features at Old Orchard Beach for several years have been a racy troop of Canadian dudes, a half dozen flat-footed maidens, who play tennis all day and dance half the night, and a marvellous blonde woman with eyes like glass agates and a wardrobe like nothing that has ever before been seen. The Canadian dudes, so far as I can discover, attend this resort for the purpose of studying the merits of the full-chested, red-cheeked country girls, who serve noisily but successfully the meals provided by the kindness of the host, and I regret to record the fact that the Maine interests are here trespassed upon by Canada in a manner that requires instant investigation. But above and beyond this unfortunate exchange of courtesies between the guests and the attendants, the blonde with the agate eyes beams like the dome of the Boston State House. She has been the belle of Old Orchard now for something like five years, and while several rivals have appeared during her reign to contest her claim to supremacy, she, with her thunder and lightning effects of dress, has never failed to win the apple. All the Boston papers that keep a strict watch of the fashionable excitements at Old Orchard have repeatedly acknowledged that the agate-eyed blonde could never be outclassed so long as she made any effort to lead the line. Without desiring to be harsh toward the popular conception of loveliness in the far East, I would suggest to the prize blonde at Old Orchard that she remain very true to the neighborhood that is true to her, for at the summer places that lie nearer to the setting sun a purple tea gown, embroidered with moss roses and trimmed with pale green lace, is not considered just the proper attire to dance the german in.

A decided charm of Old Orchard, and one that is especially esteemed by the young mercantile gentlemen who run down from Portland for a dance on Saturday night, is a thoroughly trained master of ceremonies who is brought each year from Boston for the purpose of promoting a happy social intercourse among the guests of the great hotel. It is not necessary that anyone shall be lonely at Old Orchard, for this handsome young man is there to provide the sympathetic girls with partners, and all one has to do after registering and brushing the sand off one's shoes in the bulletin is to balance himself gracefully against the jamb of the ballroom door, where he will inevitably be discovered and approached by the master of ceremonies, preliminary to being led into the ready embrace of Old Orchard's best society. There is a plank walk extending from the steps of the Old Orchard Hotel to the bath houses, a distance of about half a mile, and I have observed that the Montreal girls that are here can discover a new arrival on the piazza when they start up from the beach after a swim. When several girls discover a young man simultaneously an excited rush for the master of ceremonies ensues, and if that useful individual is in the surf he is implored to come out instantly, for his services are required in great haste.

A few days ago a little Canadienne left the group that was surrounding the master of ceremonies on an occasion of this kind, dashed up to the hotel and caught the new arrival with her handkerchief. This action hurt the feelings of the master of ceremonies, and he has recently been discussing the dangers of demoralization with the young ladies under his charge, assuring them that the rules of etiquette, of which he is thoroughly informed, having published a book of them, demanded that a formal presentation between a gentleman and a lady should be gone through before they shall be entitled to exchange courtesies.

From the Sea Shore.

A lady who can scarcely confine her somewhat stately proportions in her costume *a la ampyrdie*—When the tide soon rise?

"Certainly," answered the old salt, "as soon as madame goes in."

It was at the Bottom.

Brown came home unexpectedly and found his servant drinking from a bottle.

"I've caught you this time, anyhow!"

"I was just trying to get out a piece of cork," answered James innocently.

He Was Used To It.

Un Enfant Terrible (in the train).

"You do not object to tobacco smoke?"

"No, sir, mamma smokes herself."

The Important Improvement

In the machinery department at the Exhibition.

"Yes, Sir," says the exhibitor, "they entirely supersede girl labor, and are much cheaper, and," in a whisper, "your wife can't well be jealous."

BOARDING AND DAY SCHOOL FOR JUNIOR BOYS, 137 and 139 Simcoe Street, Toronto. Established 1866 W. MAGILL, Principal.

WILL RE-OPEN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 2

From 8 to 12 years of age are received as pupil-boarders, who have all necessary *home comforts with home training;* those who have lost one or both parents are considerately cared for. When children go home from Saturday forenoon till Monday morning a corresponding reduction is made. Prospectus forwarded on application to the Principal.

PRACTICAL BUSINESS EDUCATION

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE

SPECIAL MASTER IN EACH DEPARTMENT

Catalogue free. Address, Principal Toronto Business College, Toronto, Ont.

FALL TERM RE-OPENS SEPTEMBER 2

For circulars address J. M. Crowly, Proprietor and Manager, cor. Yonge and Shuter Streets, Toronto, Canada.

ALMA--The Leading Canadian College for Young Women

ST. THOMAS - ONT.

Nearly 200 students last year. Seventeen Graduates and Certificated Teachers in Faculty. Graduating courses with Certificates and Diplomas in Literature, Music, Fine Arts, Elocution and Commercial Science. In the recent Art Examination Alma won 116 Provincial Certificates, including Four Full Advanced Certificates—the only four granted in the Province; also 2 Gold Medal Certificates and 6 Full Primary.

McLACHLIN HALL—The elegant new addition cost over $25,000 now open.

Thorough work. Low rates. Good board. 60 pp. announcement FREE. Address PRINCIPAL AUSTIN, B.D.

BUSINESS EDUCATION

The Canadian Business University and Shorthand Institute will reopen on

Monday, September 2, 1889

Write or call for circular. We guarantee satisfaction in every department.

Nearly Four Hundred Pupils Last Year

Address—

Canadian Business University,
Public Library Buildings, Toronto, Ont.

THOS. BENGOUGH, President. CHAS. H. BROOKS, Sec. and Manager.

The Prior Advertising Agency

(Limited)

Newspaper and Magazine Advertising

120 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Cor. Adelaide St., up-stairs.

Advertisements written, appropriately displayed, and proofs furnished free with estimates, without charge on application.

The entire details of advertising undertaken, and newspapers kept on file for the inspection of advertisers.

Advertisements inserted in any newspaper on the American Continent at publishers' lowest rates.

Correspondence solicited.

DANCING

MR. J. FREEMAN DAVIS

(PROF. DAVIS)

Will resume classes (31st season) Monday, September 2. Register at the

Academy and Residence, 91 Wilton Ave.

ORSAYS—Recently in the *Saturday Night* we informed you that our Dances and Music, "La Bonne," "Il Bijou," "Jersey," "La Frolique," "La Zieka" and "Gavotte" Lancers, have been adopted by the profession and are taught in 31 cities and towns in the United States, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Galveston (Texas), Chicago, San Francisco, &c., &c. You will therefore readily see that it is to your interest to go to the founder head for instructions, especially when it can be found right here in Toronto. N.B.—We make a specialty of teaching all legitimate dances of society. Experience, 30 years.

THOMSON HOUSE

PARRY SOUND - - ONT.

This commodious hotel has just been refitted and furnished. It is healthily situated, convenient to steamboat wharf, and commands an excellent view of the bay. Special attention given to tourists. Terms $1.50 to $2 per day.

W. F. THOMSON, Prop., Parry Harbor P. O., Ont.

LORNE STEAMER MERRITT PARK

From Yonge Street Wharf 10 a.m., and 2 and 5.30 p.m. Returning from Park 12 noon, 4 and 7.30 p.m.

Fare 25 cents. Children under 12, 15 cents

Ticket and Excursion office on Yonge Street Wharf.

"LONG BRANCH"

THE POPULAR SUMMER RESORT

ON LAKE ONTARIO.

Steamers Rupert and Queen of the Isles

Nine round trips daily. The most delightful one-hour sail from Toronto Harbor. Fare 25 Cents

FAMILY BOOK TICKETS, 20 per cent. discount, at Head Office, 84 Church St., or Agent's. Hotel now open. Telephone 1772 for rates and all information regarding Picnics, Excursions, Moonlights, etc.

HANLAN'S POINT

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

Grand Open Air Concert

BY THE

BAND OF THE Q. O. R.

Steamers will leave Yonge, York and Brock streets every 20 minutes. Last boat leaves Island at 11 p.m. Band Concerts will be given every evening.

DOTY FERRY CO.

NIAGARA NAVIGATION CO.

MAGNIFICENT SIDEWHEEL STEAMERS

Chicora and Cibola

Leave Yonge Street Wharf, Toronto, at 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m. and 4.45 p.m. for Niagara and Lewiston, making close connection with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Suspension Bridge, Buffalo, Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Washington, Boston, Erie, Cleveland, etc.

Family Book Tickets at Very Low Rates

Particulars from C. W. IRWIN, Agent, 40 Yonge Street, Toronto.

St. Catharines, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York and all Points East

Daily from Geddes' Wharf, at 7 30 a.m. and 3 p.m. by the PALACE STEAMER

EMPRESS OF INDIA

SEASON 1889

Sold tickets from all principal stations in Canada. Lowest rates to excursion points. Tickets from all G. T. R. and Collingwood Express of India Ticket Agents.

JUST RECEIVED

A FULL LINE OF

VERY HANDSOME VESTINGS

FOR SUMMER WEAR

AT THE

Fashionable West End Tailoring Establishment

HENRY A. TAYLOR

No. 1 Rossin House Block

SUMMER COOKING

The Wanzer Cooker

is a complete revelation to cooks. With only one Wanzer Lamp 9 lbs. of beef is beautifully roasted and basted, while vegetables are being boiled and pudding or fish cooked at the same time

A 3-course dinner is all put on at the same time, left absolutely alone, and all taken off at the same time, and better cooked than over a range. No odor of food in the room. Cost of fuel per meal only one-half cent.

Send for catalogue.

R. M. WANZER & CO.

MANUFACTURERS

HAMILTON - - - Ont.

Why Horses Look Gawky in Pictures Nowadays.

"Instantaneous photography is a nuisance," said an artist, whose business is to draw cuts for the magazines and newspapers. "Before they began to take those blamed photographs all you had to do was to draw a horse so that it looked natural and lifelike, and the papers and the public were satisfied. Now, though, since that Philadelphia fellow printed his book, and especially since the *Sun* reprinted the cuts from it, nothing will do but that we must draw running horses just as they are, and not as they look. Of course the pictures don't look nearly so pretty, and the horses are as awkward and unnatural as donkeys, but they are accurate, and that is the craze just now. We have had to learn our animal drawing all over again, and have to puzzle our brains by the hour over cuts of instantaneous photographs, trying to find some position that has at least a bit of grace and life in it. For my part, I think it is ridiculous. Compare the magazine pictures of horses of a year or two ago with those *Scribner's* had last month and tell me if you don't think the old ones gave a better idea of the beauty of the animals in motion. Imagine Rosa Bonheur's horses with their fore feet stuck out straight like ramrods, or think of Messonier's troopers charging before Napoleon on horses that had all four legs doubled up under them at the same time!

Whatever may be the opinion as to the justness of the artist's criticisms and complaints, there is no doubt that he is right on his facts. The horse pictures in the magazines nowadays nearly all show at least an effort to make the positions correspond with those shown by instantaneous photographs. The picture horse of the past is relegated to the circus poster and the bills of the racing associations.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Passed at Night Probably.

Two Torontonians, who have not seen each other for two years, meet in London.

"What brings you here?"

"I have just been round the world."

"So have I."

"Wonder we didn't meet, eh?"

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 659 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 151 Bathurst Street.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

BURDEN—On August 10, at Toronto, Mrs. W. M. Burden—a daughter.

FESSENDEN—On August 9, at Niagara Falls South, Mrs. C. E. Trinbolme Fessenden—a daughter.

FISHER—On August 7, at Toronto, Mrs. J. H. Fisher—a daughter.

JOHNSTON—On August 8, at Toronto, Mrs. Adam Johnston—a daughter.

MACKENZIE—On August 12, at Deer Park, Mrs. George A. Mackenzie—a daughter.

STERLING—On July 16, at South Kensington, London, Eng., Mrs. C. James B. Stirling of Toronto—a son.

VILLIERS—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. R. J. Villiers—a son.

IMRIE—On August 9, at Toronto, Mrs. John Imrie—a son.

SPENCE—On August 7, at Toronto, Mrs. Robert Frank Spence—a daughter.

THOMPSON—On August 9, at Toronto, Mrs. S. G. Thompson—a son.

MARSH—On August 8, at Holland Landing, Mrs. Sidney S. Marsh—a daughter.

GOAD—On August 10, at Montreal, Mrs. Chas. E. Goad—a son.

HUBBELL—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. Lawrence Hubbell—a son.

DEFOE—On August 13, at Toronto, Mrs. D. M. Defoe—a son.

Marriages.

HAYNES—MILL—On August 8, at Toronto, Lionel S. Haynes to Fanny Mill, of Cornwall, England.

HAMILTON—WHITEHEAD—On August 8, at Walkerton, John Hamilton of Hamilton to Cecelia Whitehead.

MACFARLANE—STIRLING—On July 29, at South Kensington, London, Eng., Charles James Macfarlane of Falagh Eil, Co. Tyrone, to Annie Mary (Nina) Stirling of South Kensington.

HAYES—CROWLEY—On June 11, at Toronto, John Hayes to Kate Crowley.

HECKELS—MCCHANAN—On August 1, at Morden, Man., Charles Frederick Heckels to Mabel S. E. Buchanan of Riverdale, Ontario, Ireland.

SPROAT—MOREY—On August 7, at Augusta, A. A. B. Sproat of Prince Albert, N. W. T., to Sarah Amelia Morey.

SMITH—ROSS—On August 13, at Orillia, R. A. Smith of Newmarket to Ida Ross.

DEAN—MORTON—On August 14, at Kingston, George Kerr Dean to Gertrude H. Morton of Rosenrath, Man.

BOWMAN—DURHAM—On August 14, at St. Catharines, George Bowman, M. D., of Jordan Station, to Jennie Alberta Durham.

O'MEARA—BOYD—On August 14, at Toronto, Rev. Thomas O'Meara to Harriet Sophia Boyd.

Deaths.

BARCLAY—On August 10, at Whitby, Rev. E. D. Barclay, M. A., aged 44 years.

ELLIS—On August 9, at Mt. Pleasant, County of Brant, Mrs. John Randal Ellis, aged 70 years.

GOODWILLIE—On August 11, at Georgetown, Mrs. G. S. Goodwillie, aged 44 years.

HUGHES—On July 25, at Alfred, Prescott Co., Humphrey Hughes, aged 97 years.

MCELDERRY—On August 12, at Toronto, Charles A. McElderry, aged 53 years.

OVERTON—On August 11, at Toronto, George H. Overton, aged 50 years.

REDMOND—On August 6, at Caledon East, Mrs. Alice Redmond, aged 75 years.

JAMES—On August 8, at Beamsville, Thomas James.

DAVISON—On August 11, at Thornhill, William Roderick (Roddy) Davison of Toronto, aged 10 years.

COTTER—On August 6, at Sault Ste. Marie, James Laurence Cotter.

MUIR—On August 12, Albert Frederick Muir, infant son of Rose and C. H. Muir.

BEATTY—On August 12, at Brampton, Mrs. Henry Beatty, aged 27 years.

BLACKBURN—On July 17, at Louisville, Ky., Matthew Blackburn, aged 48 years.

DUGAN—On August 7, at Toronto, Wm. H. Dugan, aged 62 years.

GUNN—On August 13, at the township of Innisfil, Mrs. James S. Gunn of Buffalo, aged 85 years.

PERRY—On August 13, at King township, John Perry, aged 57 years.

WHITE—On August 14, Gladys, infant daughter of Aubrey and Mary White.

FINLAY—On August 7, at Simcoe, Ont., William Finlay, aged 80 years.

WHITE—At Dalton, County of Simcoe, Mrs. Permilia Dugger White, aged 84 years.

STRAUBEL—On August 14, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles F. Straubel of Goderich, aged 55 years.

LOUNT—On August 11, at Whitevale, Elizabeth Grace, infant daughter of William E. and Abbie Lount.

MAYRAND—On August 8, at St. Andrews, Quebec, Mrs. W. H. Mayrand, aged 66 years.

HOUSTON—On August 16, at Toronto, Lesley Murial Houston, aged 1 year.

SEWING MACHINES

LADIES:

Do you prefer a Machine with an Oscillating Shuttle?

Or one with a Vibrating Shuttle?

Or an Automatic with a Single Thread?

We make them all.

The Singer Manufacturing Company, New York

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE

Central Office for Canada: - No. 66 King Street "West," Toronto

AUGUST SALE

Alterations in Premises and Prices

HAMMER and SAW, DUST and CONFUSION---and so the work goes on. If the goods become demoralized so do the prices. Everything has been marked down away below the regular, with special prices throughout the entire store.

1,000 HANDSOME PARASOLS

Taken from our Wholesale Department. Had been previously marked to 50c. on the dollar, and will now be sold at one-half of this half. In other words, a large satin parasol, rustic handle, good style, for 25c. See the stock. It will pay you.

R. WALKER & SONS

King Street East

J. F. THOMSON. GEORGE DUNSTAN.

Thomson & Dunstan

REAL ESTATE BROKERS

Mail Building, Bay Street

TELEPHONE 1,327

EAST TORONTO BRANCH—796 Queen Street East. E. MACHAE, Manager.

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION BRANCH—59 Dundas St. A. MEREDITH, Manager.

3 EXCURSIONS TO THE NORTH-WEST

In order that the farmers of Ontario may have an opportunity to learn the exact truth about the result of the drouth in the North-West during the present season, the

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Offer the following very low harvest excursion rates:

WINNIPEG DELORAINE GLENBORO' SALTCOATS MOOSEJAW	AND RETURN	$28
CALGARY		$35

Aug. 29, returning Sept. 30
Sept. 3, " Oct. 14
Sept. 24, " Nov. 4

Full particulars from any agent of the Company.

Hot Weather Clothing

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Since the hot weather set in the rush for our Cool Clothing has been very great. We show a tremendous stock. All classes of goods, and every size for men and boys.

See our stock of Boys' Jerseys; they are simply immense.

OAK HALL

115 to 121 King St. E., Toronto

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

ESTABLISHED 1860

MILLINERY

Spring and Summer stock in great variety. Stylish and Artistic work in all its branches.

DRESSMAKING

Perfection in Fashion, Fit and Finish Guaranteed.

Leave orders early to insure prompt attention.

J. & A. CARTER

Manufacturers and Teachers of the

New Tailor System of Dress Cutting, late Prof. Moody's.

"DOMINION"

The "Dominion" Pianos continue everywhere to lead in Canada. Their uniform excellence and individual perfection inspire the confidence of the people, who find them in every case fully as represented. The Dominion Company have always sought to make only the best. The great sale of their Pianos and Organs to-day bears witness to their success.

Sole Agency, J. S. POWLEY & Co., Toronto Temple of Music, 68 King Street West.

PIANOS

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Symmetrical Tones, Brilliancy and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

ALLAN FURNITURE CO. 5 KING EAST TORONTO

DRAWING-ROOM SUITES
LADIES' SECRETARIES
DINING-ROOM SETS
PARLOR CABINETS
CHIFFONIERS
TWISTED TABLES
FANCY CHAIRS, &c.

R. J. Lloyd

247 Yonge St., opp. Trinity Square

TELEPHONE 295

CATERER

LATE OF LLOYD BROS.

HAS OPENED

A FIRST-CLASS

Lunch Parlor and Catering Establishment

AT ABOVE ADDRESS

Dinner Parties, at Homes, and Families Supplied with Cakes, Jellies, Ices, Charlotte Russe, Salads and Ice Cream, and all requisites on short notice

WEDDING CAKES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION TO ORDER

A General Assortment of Cakes, Pastry, Macaroons, Lady Fingers, Angel Cake, etc., made fresh daily.

247 Yonge Street, opp. Trinity Square. Telephone 295

FURNITURE

FINE AND MEDIUM

Inspect my well-assorted stock before purchasing elsewhere.

PRICES LOW. ONLY ONE PRICE

UPHOLSTERING TO ORDER

Having a first-class staff of men I am enabled to give full satisfaction at very reasonable prices.

Come and see my new importations. SHOWING A PLEASURE.

436 Yonge Street R. F. PIEPER Opposite Carlton St.